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A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Fudge! fudge! Bevington would make you disbelieve your own eyes, even if you had seen the murder.

"And which I did, guv'ner," said Jem.

"And pray who was his victim?"

Jem hesitated in his answer, placed his hand on his brow, while his face assumed an appearance of horror. He then looked at the door, cast his eyes round the room, and went through other pantomime; then, big with his secret, he approached his old master almost on tip-toe, and whispered in his ear, with a hissing sound—

"A Mister Sargood!"

"Who was he, Jem?"

"The nicest feller that ever breathed! Knew how to treat a groom. Was quite a hincome to me. Never seed him without being a bob the better for it. Ain't that a man to be respected, guv'ner?"

"And how was the murder effected?"

"They quarrelled over unlimited loo. They was half drunk, they was. But catch a weasel asleep—the major only pertended to be drunk. He was winning Mr. Sargood's money fast and furious. The table was strewed with Bank of England notes and gold. Oh! sich a heap! but the heap was on the major's side, and poor Mr. Sargood looked werry pale, while real sparks of fire seemed to come from his eyes."

"Well, Jem, well?" impatiently asked Mr. Burchell.

"I'm a-coming to it, guv'ner. Mind yer, this warn't the fust time they played."

"The murder—how was it effected?" interrupted Mr. Burchell, coolly lighting his cigar.

"It was jist this way," said Jem.

"They was a playing werry high, and Mister Sargood was all cleared out, and in the major's debt considerable, and, as I said afore, he

looked werry pale and ghastly. 'Open another bottle, Jem, and fill Mr. Sargood's glass!' said the major; for you must please understand, sir, I was a waiting on 'em, and that's how I come to know about it. It all took place at a little road-side inn, where the major had drove Mister Sargood in the phaeton."

"All a plan, no doubt," said Mr. Burchell.

"Quite so—quite so," said Jem. "I heerd the major say to Mister Sargood, some time afore this, let's get away down the road, and have a quiet game."

"Ha! ha! clever dog! a quiet game, indeed!" said Mr. Burchell, laughing.—"Go on, Jem."

"Well, when the major saw that he had cleaned out his friend, he pocketed the money, and ordered me to put the 'osses too. Mister Sargood then cried out, as well as the champagne would let him—thumping the table with his fist, 'Look here, Bevington! I insist on another round or two!' 'For what?' said my guv'ner. 'What you like,' said Mister Sargood. 'But where's the tin?' said the major. 'Tin be —! A gentleman's word is money,' said Mister Sargood. 'I won't play for words, Sargood—they are not gosh-able,' or some such word; 'besides I must get back to town. Some other time, old boy. We have now played enough, and drank enough, and I'm off!' 'No, you are not,' said Mr. Sargood, staggering from his chair. 'You *shall* play!' 'Nonsense! nonsense! Put too the 'osses, Jem!' 'I'll break Jem's neck if he stirs!' cried Mr. Sargood. 'I'm the loser, and I *will* have satisfaction!' And didn't he look desperate when he said it—crikey!"

"And the major, of course, was very cool?" said Mr. Burchell.

"As a nice," said Jem. "At last Mr. Sargood pulled off his dimont ring and took his gold watch and



chain from his pocket, and pitched them like dirt on the table, and said, 'There! if you doubt my honour, lend me fifty of the money you have won on these, and play on!' The major, like any dirty Jew or pawnbroker, turned over the ring and watch, weighed the chain in his hand, and then said, 'Well, I'd rather not; but if you wish it, Sargood, there's the money, and now let us cut for deal. Order me a strong cup of tea, Jem!' 'And one for me,' said Mister Sargood. Well, guv'ner, before I could get the strong tea ready to bring in, I'm blest if Mister Sargood wasn't stumped out again; and when I came in with the tea he looked a different man than when I went out for it. 'I'm not to be conquered, Bevington!' he hollared. 'Luck must change! The cards have been damnably against me!' And then——"

"As I am going to the theatre to-night, I will thank you, Jem, to shorten your story," said Mr. Burchell.

"Well, then they began to play for a dokyment."

"What document?"

"Concerning the lease of six houses in St. John's Wood, and which dokyment Mister Sargood was going that day to leave at his solicitor's; but he was just drunk enough, and stoopid enough, to place it on the table as secoority for anything more he might lose to my guv'ner, the major. So they went on playing on the strength of this, and Mister Sargood went on losing, and at last he lost his temper, and kicked wery much,—told the major he had been cheating him, reeled up to him and kitched him by the collar of his coat, and swore that he would have his money back, for he had been cheated!"

"Which, of course, the major gave him?" satirically said Mr. Burchell.

"Which, in course, he did no sich thing," said Jem. "'This is an insult, Sargood, that I will submit to from no one. Hands off, sir! You have called me 'cheat'

before my own groom. Hands off!' Now the major is a big man, as you know, guv'ner, while Mister Sargood was a hop-o'-my-thumb. And as Mister Sargood would not let go the major, he lifted him like a child from the ground, and pitched him agin the sharp point of a sturdy table, which entered the back of his head,"—Jem suited the action to the word—"out flied the blood, and away flied the life! Poor Mister Sargood fell on the floor, gurgled in his throat, clutched my foot, groaned and died; and as I looked upon him I thought—'Ah! never a bob more shall I have from you.' So, you see, guv'ner, it was a bit of a loss to me, that murder was."

"You mistake, my man; it was no murder," said Mr. Burchell; "it was nothing more than an accident arising from a drunken squabble. And I suppose the major got off with the winnings and the papers relating to the houses?"

"No he didn't, guv'ner," said Jem, with a sly look. "He got the money, and I took the dokyment."

"You! What had you to do with it?"

"Well, guv'ner, I thought I had as much right to it as anybody else; so when the room where the murder was committed—I shall always call it a murder—got full of people through the alarm—I became a hartist—which is a better name, as you say, than rogue—took the dokyment unperceived off the table, and planted it away; and when the major inquired for it, why, in course, nobody had seen it, and, in course, it never was found. The major said it was most mysterious, but, under the circumstances, didn't say much more about it."

"And what have you done with it?"

"Not no good," said Jem. "Here it is," producing a large parchment wrapped up in a newspaper, and which Mr. Burchell eagerly took. "I brought it out with me for your advice."

While the groom talked, Mr. Burchell inspected the document,

which proved to be the lease of six valuable freeholds in St. John's Wood. Then he said—

"I don't see what use this can ever be to you, Jem. However, you leave it with me, and I will direct you the course you should take in the matter. Mind, it requires delicate treatment, or you will get into a scrape. By-the-bye, is Mrs. Sargood living?"

"Yes, and the major is mad after her," said Jem; "and was before he murdered her husband; and which, it's werry much my belief, he murdered him for. She's a fine creetur, and no mistake, but won't have anything to do with the major."

"And does she know anything about this property?"

"Oh, yes, and there has been a good many inquiries about the dokyment. But, of course, I knows nothing."

"I must work the oracle here to my own advantage," said Mr. Burchell to himself; and then to the groom he said—"It's a ticklish affair, and I don't yet see what we can do with it. If the major had this deed it would not be long before he would be knocking at the doors in St. John's Wood for the rents. But let me see you the day after to-morrow, Jem. I dare-say I shall be able to manage to receive you back again into my service."

Jem made a reverential bow and retired, not altogether satisfied with himself for parting with the deed.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER SPIN FOR A FORTUNE.

TIME galloped on a-pace, and the clever Mr. Burchell had yet recovered no fortune—secured no marriage—no provision for his daughter Amy, who was fast approaching her twenty-first year. He had not yet stumbled over the "fools" his heated brain imagined the world was half composed of. Rogues—or "artists," as he styled them—he found in abundance; but

there were no fortunes, no "forest of freeholds," to be wheedled out of them. Those who had them were clever enough to hold them. All that he had yet been able to accomplish by a little play, a little horse-racing, a little chicanery, a little finesse, a world of trouble, and a great deal of debt, was to keep up an outward show of his past solid position.

Twice within the past three years Jonathan Burchell had figured in the Gazette—not to any post of honour in her Majesty's service, but as "bankrupt," and we need scarcely say that his estate did not pay one penny in the pound. Yet what of that? Mr. Burchell stood in court with his throng of gaping creditors, the best-dressed, happiest-looking man amongst them all; and with a smile and a bow to the learned commissioner, was awarded a first-class certificate as a honest trader.

Had one half of the ingenuity this gentleman expended in the dark, dirty, circuitous ways of a rogue (forgive us, Mr. Burchell, for calling "a spade a spade"), been directed in the straight and wholesome ways of commerce, he might long ago have retired with a fortune, and the sweet-smelling name of a honest man.

But we shall not digress from our narrative, to read Mr. Burchell a lecture, or preach a homily. He would not listen, if we did; and would only call us fools for our pains. Let him go on sowing to the wind, which never did and never will, bring forth more than the whirlwind.

Mr. Burchell began now to be seriously concerned for Amy's welfare. Perfectly accomplished, exquisitely beautiful, in every way fitted by education, and fashioned by nature for a high social position; and while the years were fast accumulating on her, no desirable union had offered itself since the death of Robert Raymond, to whom she had been affianced.

She lived with her father, who bestowed the most indulgent care on her, and Miss Amy Burchell led

a life of ease and luxury. There was something cold and apathetic in her nature, which had been strengthened by the mode of her education. She never troubled herself about the resources of her father; she only believed him to be very rich and very kind. She knew nothing, cared nothing, about debts, writs, and executions. The delicious sounds of her piano might be heard nearly all day long in her elegant apartments; and when she wearied of her music, she relieved herself with flower-painting, novel reading, dress, and ornamental needlework.

Sometimes, too, her indulgent papa would arrange a ride in the park for her, but not often; for Mr. Burchell was very jealous of his beautiful daughter, and did not care for her to be known to any of his fast friends, some of whom, on borrowed steeds, aired themselves and disported their vulgar persons in the region of Rotten Row, vainly believing that they passed for members of the upper ten thousand. What a delusion! the difference is as palpable as between harlotry and innocence, or as the jewellery manufactured for fairs and arcades and the Koh-i-noor; and no one better knew this than Mr. Burchell himself, who longed, designed, and schemed to get his daughter a footing in aristocratic circles, but had hitherto failed.

What would become of Amy? That was Mr. Burchell's daily question—his secret trouble—his nightly problem. Twenty-one! serious figures for a young lady's contemplation; age, coupled with want of fortune, were serious antagonists to education and beauty.

Mr. Burchell, however, became impatient that no further time should be lost in this important matter, and racked his brain to get his daughter suitably settled. He bitterly regretted the death of Robert Raymond, and now vainly wished that he had not interfered with his daughter's preference for Eustace, and compelled her to decline his suit. Oh! that he would propose again for Amy—again,

now that he was the heir of Greatlands!

"Events have check-mated me in that quarter," he mused over his morning cigar, as he sat in his loud-patterned dressing-gown and slippers at his drawing-room window. "But I am not a clever man if I have not skill enough to overcome the difficulties in this matter, so important to Amy's happiness and prospects."

"Master Eustace must be brought to swallow his pride, and to resume his old position of my daughter's suitor. That she always loved him, I am sure; and that he confessed his affection for her, is known to everybody. She must be Lady Raymond, or my jockeyship is of poor account. I'll have another spin for the broad acres of Greatlands, whether I win or not. Sir William always liked Amy, and encouraged an alliance between her and one of his sons. True, I was a man of substance then, but now—well, never mind what I am now! That must be between me and myself—ha! ha! Sir William is not a very shrewd man, and as I am, I think I can carry myself as a man of fortune before him, and so reingratiate myself and daughter in his valuable friendship, as the first step towards his more valuable estate. However, I will try it. Now, let me see," he continued, musing and smoking, rising from his seat, folding his arms *a la Napoleon*, and pacing the apartment,—"now let me map out the campaign for Amy—organise it so that there may be no failure in getting possession of Greatlands. Death defeated me in my first attempt—surely *he* will not be in the field again. Yet I have heard that Master Eustace is in an unaccountable state of gloom and melancholy, and that his health gives way. The more haste required for action. Poor dear Amy! I owe her something—for have I not lost her two fortunes? But the second must be regained."

This last sentence Mr. Burchell spoke audibly and with great determination in his looks and em-

phasis. He then reseated himself by the window, crossed his legs, buried his mouth in his hand, threw one arm across the back of his chair, firmly knit his brows together, and fell into a deeper mood of thought. It was a rare occurrence indeed to find Mr. Burchell with so serious a countenance, in which remorse and disappointment unmistakably mingled. But not long did he remain thus. Oh, no; Jonathan Burchell gave gloom and trouble but poor entertainment, and, happy man! they soon bade him adieu. Suddenly, and in the gayest manner, his dark round face beaming with confidence of success, he rose from his chair, and exclaimed:—

"The d—— take me, but I have it! The right thing has cropped up at last!" and as he exclaimed thus his face seemed dressed in a robe of bliss. "Why, Eustace's birthday is but five days hence, and Jonathan Burchell and his daughter shall be at Greatlands to congratulate him! And these parchments,"—holding out the deeds of Mr. Sargood's freeholds in St. John's Wood, and which he had obtained possession of through James Ogden, and from which dangled three green seals—"these will speak trumpet-tongued to Sir William that I am again a man of vast possessions! How things crop up! When I took these deeds from Jem, I had not the remotest idea how they could serve me. I knew well that I could not take possession of the property on the strength of them, for they had never been assigned to me, and I could show no right to them. And here they have lain useless and inoperative. But now—oh! they are worth a Jew's eye to me! Amy must wake up to the delicate occasion of a reintroduction to the man she loves, and who loves her. She must, then, put away all maidenly scruples—become a sensible woman, and place herself in my hands. There must be no finicking—no regard for etiquette—but in the loudest possible manner I and my daughter shall be at Greatlands on

the birthday, and I don't despair of welcome. I wish to Heaven I could infuse new life, soul, spirit, and gaiety into the girl! There is too much marble in her composition to please me. But she must wake up now or her chance is gone! Without knowing too much of my plans, she must do as I bid her. She must be prepared in the highest style for him, make herself irresistible to Master Eustace, make him forget that he was ever rejected, and become once more her suitor."

Mr. Burchell drew forth his watch, and whistled away as merrily as if all his plans had been accomplished, and his daughter had become the heir of Greatlands' wife, and the prospective Lady Raymond. Mr. Burchell never cooled his undertakings or enterprises with doubts and difficulties. He was always firm and energetic, but he was always failing, and for the reason that his engagements were generally of too Quixotic a character to make success possible.

But it must be said that Mr. Burchell's present designs were hopeful and reasonable; and every one, for Amy's sake and Eustace's, might well wish him the heartiest success. Oh! the curse of money! How many young and loving hearts its blighting influence has sundered!

The gossips of Greatlands—and the miller's wife amongst the number—were quite right when they said that "Miss Amy Burchell and Mister Eustace really loved each other, and that had it not been for her wicked father, they would long ago have been man and wife;" and further, "that she was made by the aforesaid wicked father to accept Mister Robert Raymond, because and for certain, that he was the heir;" and further, "that the aforesaid wicked father didn't care a pinch of snuff who she married, so long as the estate was tacked to 'em." In saying this the gossips were for once quite right, but how they became so fully acquainted with the exact state of Miss Burchell's preference for Eustace Raymond is a mystery, for she never

confessed it to any one but her father, and that not so directly as to be unmistakeable.

The case with Eustace was altogether different; he had formally run the race with his deceased brother for Miss Amy's love, but he had no heirship to back his suit—he had nothing but a heart to offer. But with Mr. Burchell, what were hearts against acres? and when he suspected that Eustace and his daughter were giving “sigh for sigh,” that, in truth, the heir was losing ground with Amy, and that Eustace was gaining in her affections, he unfairly interposed between them, and, quite indifferent to the happiness of the loving pair, chided his daughter for the encouragement she was giving Eustace, and bade her consider herself as engaged to Robert Raymond as the most desirable match, and most in accord with her father's wishes.

This was so peremptorily expressed, that it came down on poor Amy's soul like a sledge-hammer, and utterly crushed the prospects of two loving hearts. But there—the father spoke, and the child obeyed. Eustace was dismissed, and Robert accepted.

Of course, the triumph of one brother over the other could hardly escape an estrangement and an unfriendly feeling between the two. Eustace keenly felt the sting contained in Amy's rejection of his suit, but he carried himself with pride and dignity under it, avoided Amy as much as possible, and left his rival in undisturbed possession of the treasure he would so gladly have called his own; but whenever he did meet her, during her stay at Greatlands, he always showed her the greatest respect, and well-concealed his wounded feelings.

Between Robert and Eustace there never existed a strong brotherly attachment: and this triumph on the part of Robert for a while alienated the brothers. There was no similarity in their tastes or sentiments. The heir was altogether a different nature from his

brother, who was a gentleman of the best tastes, the highest honour, the tenderest feelings; of a warm, poetic temperament, but somewhat reserved and fond of quiet, books, retirement, and keenly alive to the dignity of his position in association with the house of Raymond. Robert was the reverse of this;—he was social, loose in his sentiments, loose in his morals, fond of company, and not choice in its selection; in short, the hunting-field and other sports by day, and the song and bottle at night, made up his life. He had no respect for books or study. He possessed other characteristics which made him a general favourite, at least with those of common intellects and unthinking minds. Pleasure was the object of his life, and he gave himself wholly up to its seductive influences.

But Eustace was immeasurably a better and a wiser man, and because he did not choose to descend to the frivolous life led by his brother, he was pronounced a proud and haughty misanthrope, while in reality he was neither the one nor the other. His noble nature was too lofty to be understood by those who so much admired his brother's shallow, but showy life.

The Raymond family was of very ancient date, and bore an untarnished name. Eustace was peculiarly proud of this, and anything that tended to blot the escutcheon of his ancestors was a grief insupportable to him, and he always had a strong presentiment that its high reputation would receive a deadly stab from his brother, who was devoted to a low, restless, rollicking, racketty, and unhealthy life.

But while there was no affinity of tastes between the brothers, there was never any open quarrelling; and they were often found associating together in field sports, and laughing merrily as they came to or from their hunting or shooting excursions; and Eustace, while he was often oppressed with the fear that his brother would, in his dissolute life, bring disgrace on the name of Raymond, was often irresistibly amused at Robert's pleasantries

over the bottle, and the rash and reckless opinions he would give expression to, at those times, on matters social, political, and religious, and he would loudly laugh down any attempt to show him how wide they were of wisdom and truth.

Sir William Raymond, a fine old English gentleman, while he felt but little qualification for a parliamentary life, and therefore no inclination, was anxious that his heir should sit for the county in the Conservative interest, and he was solicited again and again by the constituents to represent them in the House of Commons; but he had neither zeal nor patriotism, and he always declined the honour.

His brother Robert, too, anxious to reclaim him from the utterly selfish and wasted life he was leading, seriously urged that, as a citizen of high position, he had duties towards mankind, and that he should properly educate himself for the better performance of them.

Robert was as deaf as an adder to all entreaties that interfered with his pleasures, to which he constantly applied himself. When he was weary of home life, he would seek the metropolis, and there give himself up to a merry-go-round of the lowest pursuits. Robert Raymond was never seen at the museums, picture-galleries, concerts of fine music, conversaziones, lectures, meetings for political progress, or social advancement; but you would find him bottle-holder at a fight—treasurer to Bill Crackford's benefit, to "come off" at the "Compasses," when Billy would have a "set-to" with the "Little 'Un," and when the little black bitch, "Surly," would be backed to kill fifty rats in a minute and a half—stake-holder to a cock-fight—chairman at a sporting dinner—referee in the mare, Betty Martin's, match against time—or president of a jockey-club. But there, Robert Raymond is now "down among the dead men," and it affords us no pleasure to catalogue his frailties.

But the wonder was how such a man as he could have seen anything to admire and love in Amy Bur-

chell, who was the quietest, meekest of creatures, without an atom of agreement to anything in the nature and tastes of Robert Raymond. True, she was exquisitely beautiful—but it was a beauty of that kind called classic, and only attractive to the highest minds and most refined souls. Therefore it was a most puzzling anomaly how it won the heart of one so coarse in his nature, so uncultivated in taste.

It was unfortunate for Amy that her beauty should have attracted such a lover, and bitter that her father compelled her to sacrifice herself to one for whom she had neither love nor respect. His death was a happy release to her, but a dreadful blow to her father's designs and ambition. But it was justly merited, and Mr. Burchell was deeply chagrined at the result of his game.

"I played the right card, though," he would console himself by saying, "but Fate was against me, as the jade has been throughout my life. But let her do her worst—I'll have another spin with her for Greatlands, where, within four days hence, I shall be found playing off my daughter's beauty against Master Eustace and his estate. What a lovely morning!" he exclaimed, looking from his window to the tender blue above. "How magnificent Greatlands is looking now! I long to see it once more. A drive round the park there a morning like this would give a fellow an appetite for a knife-and-fork breakfast. Seven o'clock, striking by the church! Jem should be here, and I wish he had come, to take my note of preparation for immediate packing and posting to Greatlands. Would I were now on the road! Amy *must* enter into my views, and support my *modus operandi*. She will have a strong part to play in my new drama; and if she don't like it, she will fail in it, and the piece will be damned. But only let her be obedient to my instructions—regard my points—she shall quickly win back Eustace to her, without his seeing the performance, and the bells of Great-

lands old church shall soon be set a-ringing for the marriage! Should we, by any means, fail—— Stuff! stuff! no one succeeds who talks of failure. I am blind to difficulties; the worst of them are but pigmies to a man of resolve, but by dwelling on them how soon they magnify themselves into giants impossible to overcome! Who goes into battle with the thought of being killed? Let Amy only bring her courage to the sticking-place, and we'll not fail!"

He threw off his morocco slippers—loosened the tasselled girdle of his flowered morning gown and threw it on the couch—then quickly dressed himself, walked into Piccadilly, hailed a Hansom, and drove to Covent Garden market to buy Amy a bouquet of "fresh-gathered flowers." Mr. Burchell knew his daughter's passion for those delightful things, and he was anxious to create a surprise, and get her into good training temper, by enriching the breakfast-table with the best bunch this renowned emporium of flowers would afford.

From Piccadilly to Covent Garden was soon accomplished, and when Mr. Burchell reached the leading avenue of this interesting market, it was full of sunshine and crowded with buyers and sellers their countenances speaking volumes in praise of early rising. The activity that presented itself was of the most astonishing description—no hive of bees so busy. The fragrance sent forth from the fruits and plants, and flowers, was most delicious and welcome, while the eye was regaled with the richest and rarest of Flora's treasures.

It was now but half-past seven, but Mr. Burchell should have been

here two hours before if he had cared to see Covent Garden market in its greatest glory of crowding, and at its highest point of business. The human bees could then hardly elbow their way about the spot in which their interests were just now deeply concentrated. And oh! the uproar of voices, and the stunning rumble of carts and wagons, coming in and out, with their freights piled mountains high of vegetables.

Good mother earth! how liberally she gives of her bounty to her children! Who could but be impressed with some such reflection while paying an early morning visit to Covent Garden. But Mr. Burchell—ungrateful man!—did not stop to reflect upon the bounties of Nature. Greatlands—Greatlands!—was now the passion of his mind, and his errand here to buy a bouquet of flowers for Amy.

Mr. Burchell traversed the market as one well acquainted with the place; he threaded his way between innumerable fruit baskets, vegetable waggons, full and empty, in and out the avenues of the market to the flower department, in the most business-like, familiar manner. Here, after casting his quick eye—which seemed to grasp at a glance all that was to be seen there—on each side the flowery avenue, he speedily made choice of the loveliest bunch of springflowers to be found there; and by the aid of the cab that waited at the north-east angle for him, he soon reached his apartments in Piccadilly, and was in time to place the beautiful flowers on the table before Miss Amy had made her appearance for breakfast.

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH.

On the morning of Friday, October 20th, 1865, I found myself in company with two friends, waiting patiently on the wharf at Copenhagen till such time as we should be allowed to go on board a certain little screw steamer, which lay in readiness to convey us across the Sound to Malmö, in the south of Sweden.

We had left our hotel, by the advice of the landlord, in very good time, and been driven in a droska to the very spot where we were to embark. Having paid the driver, and made sure that we had all our luggage, we consigned the same to the care of a gigantic Danish porter, who looked strong enough to carry the largest portmanteau ever constructed. We then began to shiver, for the air was chilly and raw, and to wish we had not arrived in quite such good time, there still being twenty minutes to kill before we could go on board. Walking rapidly up and down kept our blood in circulation, and watching a few other passengers arriving served as a distraction, till a tinkling little bell sounded, and we were permitted to embark: the Danish giant followed, bearing his load with as much ease as if it had been a bundle of feathers. As we stood on deck, just before starting, a fair-haired man, with a white comforter around his neck, walked up to us and said, with a peculiar accent, "You certainly are Englishmen." This was perfectly true; but the abrupt announcement of the fact, from a stranger too, sounded uncalled for. We first stared, then smiled, and finally replied in the affirmative. I could see by the good-natured face of our new acquaintance, that his words, though curt, meant this: "I see you are English people, and should be glad to fraternise with you, so let us talk;" and talk we did. In the course of conversation it transpired

that he was a Swede, who had been in England, and there he acquired a taste for English manners and customs, and the society of English people. He was bound for Malmö.

Our diminutive steamer meanwhile was puffing and snorting with great force as we glided out of the harbour, past vessels, past frowning fortifications, and so into the Sound.

The journey we were about to perform was sixteen English miles long, and we were to perform it in two hours.

I have a rooted dislike to cabins. Unless positively forced to do so by the weather, I always avoid descending from deck to sit in the stuffy regions below. In this boat the cabin was extremely small, and intended for the combined accommodation of ladies and gentlemen. There was a table in the centre, and the sofas around the walls were covered with dingy red velvet. Velvet, by the way, is a material much used in places where fresh air seldom penetrates. I went down to inspect this retreat more from a motive of curiosity than anything else, and found that I was by no means the first comer. Half-a-dozen or more of the Scandinavian fair sex were already in possession of the velvet-covered sofas, and lay sprawling there, with visages indicative of extreme discontent. Poor things! they were evidently prepared for two hours of torture, and had determined to await their fate with patience, and, if possible, with resignation. My unexpected entrance startled them—they seemed to consider it an intrusion, so I did not trouble them long with my presence—besides, there was no place to sit down, had I been dying to do so, the very table being appropriated. Parcels, cloaks, reticules, books, and umbrellas, some of them as big as Mrs. Gamp's, had been piled up there, one on top

of the other. The atmosphere, too, was close, so I turned and fled upstairs again.

It was a dreary grey day, cold but not damp; the sky seemed one vast unbroken expanse of leaden-coloured clouds, deepening gradually in hue towards the horizon, which girded us around like a black belt. A breeze was blowing brisk and bitter, and I therefore took a seat beside my travelling companions in as sheltered a spot as could be found. From here we watched the retreating coast of Denmark, with its fortifications, its wooded heights, and the crowded shipping at rest in the harbour which we had just quitted.

When I had feasted my eyes sufficiently on this scene, I turned my attention to inspecting at leisure the other deck-passengers.

One of them, who sat alone, and on our side of the boat, especially attracted our united notice. He was an elderly man, portly, dignified, and grey-headed; his face was rubicund, and wore an expression of humorous benevolence quite out of keeping with his otherwise stiff and stately air. He was dressed in black, and carried a thick walking-stick beneath his arm. My friends and I decided between us that he was somebody of note. He must certainly have seen us staring at him, and not objected to the liberty we were taking, for after a bit he rose in the most accommodating way possible, and sat down on a heap of luggage, which for want of better room had been stowed away abaft; portmanteaus at the bottom, hat-boxes, bags, and lighter impediments being placed on the top. His position here was, I feel confident, very uncomfortable, in fact, nothing but acute angles and sharp edges to repose on; but he remained there nevertheless, looking happy and satisfied, while we were able to continue our inspection of him without twisting our necks.

I am ignorant about nautical matters, and my impression was that the wind was against us; but I found I was mistaken, for our Swedish friend, who no doubt was

an authority on the subject, declared it to be in our favour. However this may have been, the waves were not equally favourable in their disposition. Every now and then the steamer managed to get well buried between two of them, and as she rose again from the watery trough, received a slap on her right side, which sent her over on her left with great speed, while those seated on deck got well drenched with spray, and otherwise incommoded. This little performance was repeated several times at intervals of about eight minutes, till at last we seemed to be proceeding more easily. Suddenly we again sank into a deep furrow, and on rising again received the customary buffet from the spiteful sea, this time more violent than before, and followed by a more copious shower of brine. The steamer at once tumbled over to larboard, and I almost involuntarily clutched at the bulwark behind me, to make sure of not being precipitated into the waters of the Sound; yet instantaneously she righted herself, and bounced upwards again with creaking timbers.

Already the velocity of her movements had disturbed the arrangement of the luggage, but now the whole upper stratum of the fabric came rattling down, dispersing its component parts in every direction. And where was the grave personage, who a short time before had established himself thereon in apparent security? All I could see were his heels, and they were in the air. He himself lay flat on his back, concealed beneath a ruin of bundles and hat-boxes. I laughed, but not heartily, for I was beginning to feel unwell, so unwell indeed that I beheld with some displeasure a sailor go and help the old gentleman to get up, and conduct him to a securer seat. It seemed to me that he might as well have left him there, such is the distortion one's better feelings undergo on the approach of nausea. His fall did not in the least disturb the venerable man's equanimity: he looked surprised on regaining his legs, but was soon

beaming as cheerily as before. When I again saw him, it was in a very different place, and under very different circumstances. He then wore a scarlet coat, embroidered in gold, and stars and orders glittered on his expansive chest. His place was among others as distinguished as himself, and arranged with as much magnificence. To speak plainly, he was a minister-plenipotentiary. How fortunate it was my carpet-bag was not more heavily weighted; for I saw it fall right on his head. It is just possible that it might have deprived the worthy man of life, and torn a brilliant page from the annals of diplomacy. I have said that the time allotted for our passage across the Sound was two hours, but we did not arrive at our destination until an additional half-hour had expired.

Though not positively sea-sick, I felt anything but comfortable during the latter part of this short voyage, and was not sorry to find myself in still waters, under lee of a wooden pier, with a wooden lighthouse at the end, both painted a dusky red. The harbour here is narrow, but deep, and in addition to some large vessels, there were clumsy, quaint-looking craft lying about us on every side. The first duty of travellers on landing is to submit their "traps" to the inspection of the Custom-house officials, and this was the cause of further delay to us, albeit we were most mercifully dealt with. I am told that to avoid all trouble on these occasions you have but to fasten a little piece of ribbon in your button-hole; you will then be treated with due respect yourself, and escape the pain of seeing the contents of your boxes violated by a foreign hand. Such is the honour paid to ribbons in this country!

How unpleasant it is to be nearly late for a train! There is the scramble to get your ticket, accompanied by a dark uncertainty as to whether you have been given the right change for your money, or been cheated. A wild rush into the railway carriage follows, and

you feel a hideous doubt as to the fate of your luggage. "Fancy, if it should be left behind," you mentally ejaculate; and that after seeing it safely through the perils of the Custom-house, as we had done.

Such moments as these have blanched the hair of sensitive people. If it had not been for our charitable friend the Swede, who took pity on our helplessness, we should have had to pass that night at Malmö; but he very kindly came to see us off, and altogether interested himself surprisingly in our welfare. Malmö is the chief town of its province, and has a population of twelve thousand. Here, in an old and once-forfeited castle, James, Earl of Bothwell, the third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, was for several years imprisoned, and at last became insane. The place is chiefly celebrated for the manufacture of gloves, in which it carries on an active trade. Swedish gloves are very much thought of by fashionable people. No woman, with the slightest pretension to being a *grande dame*, should fail to have several pairs by her. Somehow they look distinguished, although exactly the same effect might be produced by wearing an ordinary kid glove inside out. But to return to the railway. Our carriage was very comfortable, and we flung ourselves back in our seats with a sigh of relief, as the engine whistled loudly, and we began moving from the station. We had now nothing to do but sit still and look about us.

I had long wished to see Sweden, for several reasons; and now, as the train sped on, I gazed from the carriage window with eager eyes, determined that none of the beauties or peculiarities of the landscape should be lost upon me. But of this occupation I soon grew weary, as an occasional farm, a gaunt white church-tower in the distance, and long tracts of partially-cultivated land, composed the entire scene. After passing the station of Lund, where there is a uni-

versity, second in importance to that of Upsala, the country began to look a little more civilised. I noticed a chateau with a conical-roofed tower to our left, and farther on, a neat English-looking village. Next came a wood, containing oak, beech, elm, and maple, interspersed with pine: and here, for the lover of varied tints, there was a glorious sight indeed. Not a leaf quivered in the air but had been touched by the finger of mellow Autumn, and resigned its virgin green for a darker and a richer shade. Masses of sober brown, golden yellow, and deepest crimson, glistened together in contrast,—and such a contrast! It was difficult to believe that in vegetation so glowing “calm decay” had already begun.

This wood passed, the scene again became monotonous; and for this reason, perhaps, it seemed to me that the train was proceeding uncommonly slow. Railways are new things in these northern regions, and engine-drivers have not forgotten to be cautious as yet; so let us hope it will be a long time before awful accidents and terrible collisions will be read of in the Swedish newspapers.

In winter I suffer from cold feet. I use the word “suffer” advisedly, as what at first is only discomfort becomes positive pain when it has continued some time. On this railway journey I could not for a moment forget that I was going northwards, so rapidly did my toe-temperature descend from warm to cold, and from cold to icy. A lady who sat in the same carriage with us, was, I imagine, similarly inconvenienced; for after a bit I saw her (not without a pang of envy), draw from the depths of a capacious bag a pair of snug-looking fur boots, which for some moments she examined with fondest interest. She then proceeded to take off the boots she wore at the time, replacing them by the fur ones. Throughout this operation, which must have occupied her a good ten minutes, I regarded the possessor of the warm article, in question with feelings akin to dislike, not to

say enmity. She seemed positively to triumph in the possession of her boots, and there was an almost insulting gleam in her eye as she adjusted them to her liking. She then sank back in her seat, and closing her eyes, slumbered contentedly. I continued to watch her for some minutes, and came to the decision that she was not a pretty woman. There was some little satisfaction in this. Her example, I thought, however, might be worth following, so I endeavoured to go to sleep too, but this was impossible. One of my friends was wakeful and excited; he had heard and read much of the mighty Lake Wettern, and was consumed with a desire to see it. Knowing that we were bound in that direction, he talked incessantly. It seemed the notion of having his curiosity so soon gratified would not permit him to be quiet. Whenever a lake came in sight he bounced from his seat, and pronounced it to be Wettern; always finding that his surmises were incorrect. Even the appearance of a pool or puddle, would cause him to let down the window, and thrust his head into the keen air, in hopes of seeing the longed-for object near at hand. At last he became exhausted, and sought distraction in the pages of a French novel. Then, but not till then, I slept.

We passed then at Jonköping, a large town built on the south shore of the Wettern Lake. Its position, I am told, is very picturesque, especially when seen from the water, as it is backed by high hills, clothed to the summit with pine and fir; but of this we could not judge, as we did not arrive till ten o'clock on a dark night. My friend was of course much disappointed, as he was obliged to reserve his first view of this inland sea till the following morning. The hotel at Jonköping, situated at a few minutes' walk from the station, is a large building, and looks outside like a county infirmary. The internal arrangements are admirably adapted for broiling summer weather, but not

for the colder seasons of the year. On each floor there are wide, lofty, whitewashed passages, running the whole length of the house, with doors on either side of them, which give access to small bedchambers. The said bedchambers, I must add, are scrupulously neat and clean, and provided with double windows. As we had dined at a station on the way, we were not very hungry. However, before retiring to rest, we made our way along the ground-floor passage to the coffee-room. At a table at the extreme end of this room, a party of men were seated, talking loud, and apparently eating ravenously. We took our places at a round table in a cosy corner, and ordered some tea with toast. Upon this, the youth to whom we had addressed our order hastened off, returning almost immediately with three plates. On one were shavings of cold tongue, cut so thin as to be almost transparent, on another little scraps of cold beef, equally unsubstantial, and on the third, a slice of fresh cheese. Having put these down, he quickly brought us the tea and toast, and we set to work. The cheese was not touched, but the morsels of meat, though delicate and fragile, were excellent, as also was the toast. The tea was the most fragrant, the most delicious, I had ever tasted.

The following morning, at seven o'clock, we were again *en route*. The same train which had brought us was waiting at the station, the same guards as had been responsible for the safety of our bones the day before were now in attendance on the platform, looking wonderfully fresh and active, and quite ready to resume their important duties. I cannot help wondering from what class of the community these guards come; all three had the manners of courtiers, and one of them was resplendent in a watch, chain, and rings. But what does this prove? Their grammar and pronunciation may have been execrable for all I know. Then again, where can they have passed the frigid interval between

our arrival and departure? Did they come to our hotel, or repose in the luggage-van? Such questions perplex a reflecting philanthropist like myself.

Of course, it was raining! it always is when one especially desires fine weather, and we had been forewarned that the prettiest glimpses of scenery between Malmö and Stockholm were in this neighbourhood. For some distance we skirted the lake, keeping quite close to the edge, which gave my friend an opportunity of seeing what could be seen of it, and, in truth, it was not much; mist and rain above, below an expanse of grey waters, dimpled by falling drops. Presently this saddening scene was lost to view, and we dived forthwith into a dense forest, one of those tracts of country so common in Sweden, where the sombre fir and pine abound, contrasting strangely with the silver bark and feathery branches of the young birch-trees mingled among them. On we sped amid these vast solitudes, only emerging from them to find ourselves by a lake, forest-clad to the very margin. Soon after mid-day the rain ceased, but no sun appeared to cheer the sameness of the landscape.

At Falköping we dined. Everything was very good, clean, and surprisingly cheap. Those who did not care for spirituous liquors drank fresh milk, of which there were large jugs full on the table. After Falköping, the scenery continued as before; lakes innumerable and forests interminable succeeded each other. Late in the afternoon I woke from a doze, and found that we were traversing a bleak tract of country not unlike an Irish bog, except that the ground was more broken. Here and there lay patches of land covered with trees, rising like oases in the desert. Clusters of huts painted red were to be seen at intervals, and more than once a substantial white farm-house was passed, with numerous out-buildings, and the cultivated fields around it enclosed by high wood palings. Hedges are not in vogue.

At the stations on the way it was amusing to watch the passengers, both those who quitted the train and those who joined it to proceed to Stockholm. The warmest garments were worn; several gentlemen were clad in long cloth coats, both lined and trimmed with fur, edgings of the same to their boots (which came up above the knees), and to crown all a fur cap. The ladies were also well wrapped up, but I did not see as often as I could have wished that matchless combination of velvet and fur, so luxurious and so handsome, in which French ladies delight to array themselves. There were always numbers of open-mouthed peasants at these stations, apparently come there to look about them, and nothing more. This portion of the line had, I found, only been opened the year before, and no doubt the arrival of the train on its way to the capital was still regarded as a novel and interesting event. They were fine, muscular-looking fellows, with yellow hair, eyes of pale blue, and noses of a fiery complexion. This latter peculiarity may be attributable to the climate, or more probably to their custom of imbibing much raw spirit to keep the cold out. The manufacture of corn brandy, or finkel, as they call it, is very extensive, and the consumption of it almost incredible, being at the rate of eight gallons and a third yearly to every individual throughout the country. One cannot therefore wonder at some of them having red noses. Snow fell for half-an-hour during the afternoon, but there was now nothing more to gaze at from the carriage-window; the shadows of evening had descended, shrouding both lake and forest in dim obscurity. When we arrived at Stockholm the rain had recommenced, but the warm hearty reception given us by some Swedish relations of mine, who had come to welcome us, fully compensated for any faults in the weather. A rattling, jolting drive along the stoniest of streets followed, and we were finally depo-

sited at the Hotel Rydberg in the Gustaf Adolfs Torg.

First impressions have great influence with me—too much, indeed, at times. I frequently find myself forming opinions based entirely on them, without in the least taking into consideration what I may have learnt or discovered by a little acquaintance. This is highly unsatisfactory in the case of persons, but when places or things are alone concerned, it does not so much matter, and it is of places that I am now treating. Often I have been invited down to spend a few days in the country with friends or relations; I have arrived late, just in time to dress for dinner, in a room with curtains drawn before the shuttered windows. Well, the following morning I invariably, on awaking, run from bed to the window and gaze abroad. It may be that my eyes wander over an undulating park dotted with giant trees; it may be that I see a trim garden with precise box-hedges stretching beneath me, and perhaps a small paddock beyond with a cow in it; it has happened to me to behold on such an occasion nothing more picturesque than a back yard, a brick wall, and a big water-butt built to catch the overflowings of the water-pipes. But it does not signify what. I can only say that I retain an infinitely more vivid recollection of the park, the paddock, or the water-butt, than I do of anything else which may be shown me during the remainder of my sojourn. I have now no recollection of the conservatory at Parvaneu Park, though particularly requested to mark its perfections when there. The unquestionable arrangement of the stables at Horsey Lodge has faded completely from my memory, as though the whole had been a dissolving scene at the Polytechnic. The new lectern, too, at Hobnale Church (a *chef d'œuvre*, by-the-bye,) may have been carved in ebony or ivory, for all I know now; but still I could draw a tolerably accurate picture of the brick wall and the

water-butt as I saw them at eight o'clock one fine summer morning, when peeping from my lattice on the occasion of a first visit to my friend the vicar. Being thus constituted, it will hardly cause surprise when I state that on first awaking and realising the fact that I was in the Swedish capital, I promptly presented myself at the window in spite of a feeling of sleepiness and a tendency to shiver. Nor was I in any way displeased with my first impression here. The sun shone, the sky was blue, rather a cold blue certainly, but still blue; the atmosphere was bright and clear, and before me was the Gustaf Adolfs Torg, the best point of view in the town. It is a large paved square; in the centre stands an equestrian statue of the King, from whom it takes its name; to the right is the palace of the Crown-Prince, a solid and handsome building; to the left the principal theatre, built in exactly the same style as the palace which faces it. At the opposite side of the Torg, and in front of the Hotel Rydberg, there is a fine granite bridge, 640 feet long and 64 wide, connecting the northern suburb of the town with one of the seven islands on which Stockholm stands. Immediately beyond this bridge rises the royal palace, an enormous massive structure; it consists of four stories, the basement one being composed of huge slabs of granite, and the remaining three of brick, stuccoed over, and stained a dull yellow. Along the top runs a stone balustrade. The palace is approached on this side by what is called the Lion's Staircase; staircase it is not, according to the usual acceptance of the word, but a couple of broad inclined planes, rising in opposite directions from the quay, and leading to a large platform before the north-west gate. Two fierce-looking lions, cast in bronze, decorate this "staircase," which is without exception the simplest, but at the same time grandest and most imposing entrance to a king's residence that I have ever looked upon. Fine build-

ings may be seen in most large cities, but in this view they formed the least charming features; it is the situation of Stockholm which is so peculiarly lovely. To the left of the palace is the winding fjord of the Baltic, sprinkled with boats. As I looked, a steamer slowly moved from its position by the broad quay underneath the palace, while beyond it rose a forest of masts, closing the distance. Further still to the left are other islands with handsome buildings here and there, and, quite far away, an eminence crowned with dark pine woods. All these beauties glistening beneath the morning sun were enough to retain me at the window, forgetful of my very unseasonable *déshabille*. It was some time before I could tear myself away and begin the tedious operation of dressing.

Breakfast over, my friends and I sallied forth to look about us, under the guidance of one of my Swedish relations, who proved an admirable cicerone. The Torg was now a very lively scene; numbers of people were moving to and fro, carriages drawn by small, strong, and shapely horses were rapidly driven by, and a detachment of a regiment was approaching to relieve guard at the palace, with its band playing a brilliant and exhilarating march. On they came with short and quick step, passing beneath the statue of the "Lion of the North," and so on, across the bridge, to the palace. The rabble followed in great numbers, as they do everywhere else, marching in exact time to the music, and evidently enjoying themselves to the utmost.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by the appearance of three young women, who happened to be passing, strapping glasses all of them. The tallest must have measured about five feet eleven inches in height, and her companions were very little shorter. They were broad as men in the shoulder, and had thick arms, which they swung about ungracefully in walking. A blow from one of their fists would, I

should think, seriously damage the object aimed at. They strode rather than walked, and this, perhaps, was owing to the extraordinary boots they wore; large, thick, shapeless things, with an iron-shod heel, placed, not as with us, beneath the heel of the wearer, but beneath the instep. They were peasant-women from Dalecarlia, and barring the boots, their costume was charming indeed. I can confidently recommend it to the attention of any moderately Saxon-looking lady who is in search of a new extravagance for a fancy ball. I will venture a description of it, though aware that I am treading on slippery ground; for what can men know about millinery? A white cap of peculiar shape, and made of a stuff resembling lamb's-wool, is worn on the head; it fits closely to the crown, and lies flat to the cheek; no ribbons or trimmings are suffered to mar its simplicity. A handkerchief, usually scarlet, is folded across the breast, and over this is a white jacket of the same material as the cap, fitting without a crease, and ending abruptly at the waist. This jacket is not, I think, furnished with buttons, at any rate it always lies open in front. Next comes a coarse petticoat of dark-blue woollen cloth, descending to the ankle; and last, not least, a gorgeous apron, on which the gayest imaginable colours succeed each other in broad horizontal bands.

None of the three peasants who passed us were pretty, though they had good points. One of them possessed hair so flaxen as to be almost white, well-formed, expressive blue eyes, and brilliant teeth; the other two had dazzling complexions, foreheads pale as marble, cheeks of rosy pink, but any refinement of feature had been denied to all three. Broad visages, unquestionable snub noses, coarse mouths, and heavy masculine chins were theirs—the form of their faces spoilt the colouring. Yet how much beauty consists in expression! These women looked honest, fearless, happy, and contented, and such, in truth, all the Dalecarlian race are well-known to

be. The men of Dalecarlia rarely come to Stockholm, as they find quite enough employment in working at the copper mines in their own province; but during the summer and autumn the young women always find their way to the capital, where they are employed in hay-making and gardening, and until lately, in rowing the boats on the fjord and the Mälar Lake. The increase of small steamboats has, in a great measure, deprived them of this latter means of earning their livelihood. In the winter they return home with their savings, and probably marry. The marrying part of the business is not at all so easily arranged should their sojourn at Stockholm have been too protracted, for it is then supposed that they find the amusements of town life more alluring than the seclusion of their native valleys.

Besides being industrious, the Dalecarlians are extremely proud, and fancy themselves superior to the other inhabitants of their country. This is why they adhere so rigidly to their antique costume, and continue to talk in a lingo which is positively unintelligible to anyone but themselves. Naturally enough, they have never forgotten that they were the first to rally around the standard of Gustavus Wasa, and drive the Danish invaders from the soil. When, too, their lion-hearted madcap of a King, Charles XII., had, by his extraordinary conduct in Turkey, compelled his hosts at last to make him their prisoner, the same loyal natives of Dalecarlia despatched a deputation to the regency at Stockholm and offered to go, at their own expense, to the number of twenty thousand men, and deliver their hero out of his enemy's hands.

The equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, which occupies the centre of the Torg, is in no way remarkable. My guide-book speaks of this monument as "unworthy of Sweden, and her most glorious monarch;" and considering the site on which it stands, I cannot but agree with the opinion expressed. Both king and horse are in bronze,

the former being clad in armour. He wears a laurel wreath on his head, and in his hand carries an inclined truncheon. The figure itself has some dignity, and the horse is well executed, but nevertheless the whole looks insignificant. For all this, it is as good as anything of the sort which we have in London, not excepting the exquisite specimen at Hyde Park Corner.

As we strolled across the bridge towards the palace, we stopped to look at the Mälär Lake, which lay to our right. It is between seventy and eighty miles in length, and covered with no fewer than 1400 islands of every size. The Stockholm end of it, however, is not, I am told, the most beautiful, though the banks are well wooded, and pretty neat villas spring up on all sides. There are shops on this bridge, fine sightly shops, too, with no upper stories, merely a ground-floor; but buildings of any kind on a bridge are in way of the view, which here is so striking that nothing should be allowed to obstruct it. I was in the act of making these sage remarks to one of my companions, when, on looking around, I saw that somebody of consequence was approaching, for the next moment an outrider passed us. This individual wore a sort of helmet, adorned with a nodding plume; his blue jacket was covered with braid, and his legs were encased in large boots. He had something in his hand, but whether it was a sword or a whip, or neither, I cannot exactly affirm. As to the horse he bestrode, that animal seemed to me uncommonly tall and bulky; he shambling along at an uneasy trot, and made a great clattering on the pavement, as if conscious of whom he was preceding.

And now came an open carriage drawn by four bays, well matched both in colour and size. The coachman who drove the team wore a cocked hat the wrong way (*i. e.* like a beadle, not like a field-marshal), a huge top-coat trimmed with silver braid, and a moustache. Two functionaries in blue and

silver, to match the Jehu, stood behind. The splendid head-gear worn by one of them excited within me admiration and surprise. Imagine a bishop's mitre made of black velvet, with an ingenious pattern worked in brilliantsthereon, and a forest of upright feathers growing out of the top. Such was this truly wonderful hat. Had I been a London rough, which, as it happens, I am not, I might have felt tempted to address in a loud voice to the wearer of this article a pertinent question with regard to the maker of the same. Two ladies were seated within the carriage, and one of them, who wore a blue velvet bonnet and a cloak of sables, was sitting well forward, and bowing her acknowledgments to the crowd, while they, one and all, stopped and saluted her respectfully as she went by.

It was the Queen of Sweden, accompanied by a lady of honour, going for a drive in the magnificent Djüngand or Park, close to Stockholm. Her Majesty is the daughter of Prince Frederick of Orange, and niece of the King of Holland. She is not beautiful, but she looks good and kind, which everybody assures me she is.

There is a large terrace on each side of the palace laid out as a garden, and overlooking the harbour. Beneath this there is a fine quay, along which we walked, stopping occasionally to look at the steamers which were waiting to start the following morning for Lubeck and Stralsund, or at a crowd of athletic Swedes, busy in unloading a small merchant ship.

A little further on we came to another statue, and this time a remarkable one. It is erected close to the water, and stands on a large pedestal of granite, to which a number of steps lead. The stately bronze figure above represents one of Sweden's many remarkable kings, Gustavus III.; he was not only heroic, like most of his ancestors, but a warm patron of literature, science, and the arts. This statue was raised to commemorate the landing of Gustavus

after the battle of Svenskund, where he smashed the Russian fleet, and afterwards returned home in triumph. We were now in what is called the city, the quarter where most of the business is carried on. The principal street in this quarter, at least that in which there seemed to be most traffic and bustle, struck me as a very mean thoroughfare. It is narrow, and has no trottoir; carts, carriages, and pedestrians throng together on the pavement. The shops, no doubt, are very good inside, but the exterior of all of them is shabby and uninviting. I must needs add that, with the exception of the Drottning-gatau, in the northern suburb, this is the only street in which I walked with any comfort; the other ones are execrably paved, with the sharpest corners of the stones turned uppermost, as though particularly intended to pierce the boots of those treading on them. In spite of this hindrance, we continued our rambles for some time, passing, every now and then, a pretty fresh young face in the crowd, and meeting uniforms at every step. It is, I find, rather the exception than the rule for an officer, when not on duty, to appear in plain clothes. After crossing a neat little bridge over one of the many canals which cut up the town, we entered another *torg* or square, similar to that of Gustavus Adolphus, but smaller. Here we were highly edified by the appearance of two awkward rustics in a state of dire intoxication. They were walking or rather staggering along, arm-in-arm, one of them being apparently under the impression that he was supporting the tottering steps of the other. However, as he was pretty much in the same condition himself, their joint mode of progress was marvellous to behold. They first moved away to the right with great rapidity, then coming to a dead halt, they would make a like rush to the left, and so on till they finally came in violent contact with an obstacle which sent them both rolling over, but they regained their legs with due solemnity, and

went on their way as before. We watched them till they had turned the corner and disappeared. It is quite possible that they may have tumbled into the canal towards which they were proceeding, and a more fitting cure for them than the cold bath, which I trust they got, could not have been devised. After this, we stopped to admire yet another equestrian statue, which represents Charles XIV., the *ci-devant* Marshall Bernadotte, riding forth to glory on a horse with a prodigiously long tail. A walk up-hill brought us into the southern suburb, the least aristocratic portion of the town, but certainly, I should say, healthier than the one which we had just quitted, for it stands very high, and the streets are wide and airy.

From a public garden here, a favourite resort of the populace, there is a really superb view over Stockholm. It is a perfect panorama. The river-like fjord of the Baltic, the city with its quays, squares, and public buildings lies at your feet, the towering palace, and the spires of the St. Nicholas and Riddarholm churches being especially prominent. Beyond, the Mälar Lake, with its wooded islands, completes a scene as lovely as it is curious.

At five o'clock we dined with my Swedish relations, at their apartments in the northern suburb. We were received in a most hearty and hospitable manner by the whole family, which consisted of seven people, father and mother, three daughters, and two sons.

The lady of the house could talk very little of any language but her own, so that our communications with her were confined principally to nods and "wreathed smiles" and pressure of the hand. In short, we showed that our sentiments were congenial, though there were insuperable difficulties in the way of our expressing them. The daughters of the house, as well as their father, spoke French, and in this language we managed to converse very comfortably. I dare say if a French person had been pre-

sent, he or she would not have understood us, but that did not matter.

The dinner, with slight exceptions, was just like a dinner anywhere else, but these exceptions may be named. Always on entering the dining-room in a Swedish house, the company repair to a side table, where are to be found bread, cheese, butter, scraps and shavings of cold meat, and biscuits, with other comestibles of a like kind. To wash these down there is finkel or liqueurs for those who care to drink them. It is the custom to attack these good things before regularly sitting down to the smoking dinner which awaits you on the principal table, indeed the Swedes consider this little preparatory cram as indispensable. For my own part, I found it blunted the appetite to such an extent as quite to prevent my appreciating the repast which followed. When dinner is finished, the men do not linger over their wine, as in England, but all rise from the table together, and approaching the hostess, say something civil in return for her hospitality, or in the case of having nothing to say, merely bow and shake hands. All then return to the drawing-room two-and-two, after which coffee is served. This may sound rather ceremonious, but it was done with such an entire absence of formality on the occasion of which I am speaking that it did not seem the least so to me.

We much enjoyed the evening spent with this kind family, whose

sole aim, as far as I could judge, was to enjoy themselves innocently, and make those around them happy and at their ease. Between eight and nine we were regaled with punch, a very favourite beverage here, and one which I should advise a man to drink of nightly if he wishes to kill himself by slow degrees. I speak thus strongly, as it did not agree with me, and I shall never be able to regard it otherwise than as a palatable and insidious poison. Of what ingredients it is formed I have no idea; in colour it is a golden yellow, in taste strong, luscious, and cloying. A first sip will tempt you to take a second and a third, till you find the little glass goblet in your hand, empty. Of course your watchful host refills it, and again you drink to your destruction. Idiot! what will be your sensations the next morning? I will not attempt to describe them; it is best to draw a veil over such matters. We had a deal of music: one of the young ladies sang and played well. Her repertoire included Italian, French, English, and Swedish songs. The latter were all the more pleasing from being uncommon. Swedish music does not always catch the ear at first, but it improves on acquaintance, and after a little I discovered a subtle charm in what before had sounded heavy and meaningless.

We reached our hotel before midnight, quite satisfied with our first day at Stockholm.

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTED LODGE.*

RICHARD and Alice Harewood had been married about a year at the time our story commences. They were both young; Richard just seven, and Alice two-and-twenty. He was junior partner in a well-known firm in London, and with a comfortable income, and good health and spirits to enjoy it. He and his little wife settled down to keep house with everything necessary for a pleasant easy life.

The village they chose for their home is about four miles from the city, and at the time we speak of was rural enough for one to forget, while strolling about its pretty shady lanes and green fields, how short a distance divided it from hot and smoky London.

The Lodge, the name of their house, more properly speaking a gentleman's cottage, was a charming little place, standing in a pretty garden, shut in enough for privacy, yet open enough to be cheerful, and for obtaining a view of the bright little village green, with its few farmhouses and villas scattered round it. To tell our story we must describe the house rather particularly. In old days it had been an inn, but long before our hero took it it had been altered, so that but little of the old part remained entire. The entrance was at the side, and a long passage divided it into two parts. The front rooms were a snug little library, a small morning-room, and a kitchen. In the back was a pretty drawing-room, and a dining-room, with a bedroom over the latter, quite recently added, with a staircase that had no communication with the other rooms, and

which was also a new addition. In front were four bedrooms, with another staircase leading to them, which faced the morning-room door. All the sitting-rooms had long French windows opening on to the garden. When its new owners had finished decorating and furnishing, it was as pretty and cosy a little home as any one could desire, and they settled down in it very much to their satisfaction. We must not forget to mention two other points in the building. One was an enormous block of chimneys, which divided the morning-room from the library, and a huge beam which crossed the ceiling of the former.

The room over the dining-room being still too damp for use, Richard and Alice took possession of the bed-chamber over the library, the windows of which overlooked the front garden, and beyond that the village green before mentioned. A door on one side of this apartment opened into a spare bedroom, which was very inconvenient from having no other access. The servants occupied the two remaining rooms.

As autumn drew near and the evenings began to close in, nothing could look more cheerful than their little dining-room, or more comfortable than Richard appeared, seated in his very easy chair, reading some favourite volume by the soft light of a shaded lamp, with Alice opposite him, pursuing some pleasant feminine occupation, whilst the blazing fire, casting a rich glow over the whole, made a pretty picture of a real English home.

But as nightfall approached some uneasy but undefinable sensation seemed at times to pass through the minds of both. Richard would suddenly raise his eyes from his book with an inquiring look at his wife, whilst she would cast a half fearful glance around her, but each felt ashamed to put into words the feeling which oppressed

* NOTE.—It may give an additional interest to this narrative by the Author's assurance to the reader that the particulars it contains are not efforts of the imagination, but mainly *facts*. Had the Author invented the story, no doubt his invention would have been lively enough to have given a solution of the mystery herein involved; but, as he has not drawn upon his fancy for the materials of his narration, he is compelled to leave the "Haunted House" in the *inevitable* mystery in which he found it.

the minds of both, and which marred their otherwise peaceful evening. Richard was accustomed, after his wife retired, to pass an hour or two in writing, and when, now and then, he paced the room to recover the thread of some lost train of thought, he observed that if he approached the mass of brick-work which, as I mentioned before, divided the dining-room from the library, a feeling of unearthly chill would creep over him, and a thrill of horror would shoot through him whenever he went near that particular part of the room. Being, however, a man of strong nerve and unquestionable courage, and by no means of a superstitious turn of mind, in fact with rather a contempt for all that is called "supernatural," he soon shook off the feeling, and when it was over, laughed at himself for having allowed his imagination so to mislead him; but notwithstanding all his efforts, the sensation returned again and again, and would not be vanquished by the most sensible and philosophic of reasonings that he could use to account for it. He also observed that Alice would never remain alone in the room.

"What is the matter, love?" exclaimed Richard, starting from an uneasy slumber about one o'clock on a dark November night. "What are you listening to?"

"Hush!" said Alice, in a frightened whisper. "Are your pistols loaded, Richard?"

"Yes!"

"Then get up, quickly, for I am certain I have heard some one walking about the spare room this last half-hour!"

Richard reached his pistols, which lay on a table by the side of the bed, and they both listened attentively for some moments, and they distinctly heard footsteps pacing the adjoining room, which had no access to it but by the door opening from their own, which Richard had himself carefully bolted before going to bed, and by a window which was secured by spring bolts, that could not be opened without a good deal of

noise, and also by three strong iron bars fixed across it. Unwilling to disturb the house, Richard watched till daybreak, but after two o'clock all was still, though the sound of footsteps was plainly heard until that hour had struck. Next morning he carefully examined the room, but the window-fastenings were undisturbed, and no sign appeared of anybody having gained admission by it, and there was no fireplace or chimney at all in the chamber.

Ridiculing Alice's remonstrances, Richard determined to sleep in the mysterious apartment the following night, and leaving her in her own chamber, he entered to rest a little before eleven o'clock. He left his lamp burning, and after he had lain down a few moments, his thoughts reverted to some important business matters, which had occupied his attention during the day, to the entire exclusion of any superstitious fancies, and he was soon wrapped in a quiet sleep, utterly forgetful of his purpose of investigation.

He was aroused by a clock in the hall striking twelve, and directly afterwards he felt the unpleasant sensation he had experienced in the dining-room, and to his horror, he saw the bed-clothes thrown off, the curtain pushed aside, as if by some one rising from the bed on which he lay, and then he heard the light but measured footfall again pacing the floor as on the previous night. Benumbed with horror he lay for a few moments unable to move, but by a great exertion again recovering his presence of mind, he looked carefully round the room, but nothing was visible. Still he heard those unearthly feet, pattering to and fro, and the idea took possession of him that the being that had seemed to quit his side might again return; and unable to face this new horror, he sprang up and rushed towards the door, and with one last look around, but still seeing nothing, though the sounds continued, he closed the door after him, and went to his own bed and to Alice, right glad to be once more in human

company. His wife was lying awake, anxious for his safety, and she closely questioned him if he had heard or seen anything; but fearing to increase her alarm, he made light of what had occurred. But being unable to quiet her fears, he arranged that she should pass a few days with a friend in the country, and he would ask an old schoolfellow, upon whose coolness and discretion he could thoroughly rely, to watch another night with him and so endeavour to discover the cause of these strange sounds and sights.

Henry Nicholson was a clear, cool-headed man of about thirty, of a perfectly unimaginative temperament, and with a supreme contempt for all but what he was pleased to call, "plain common-sense," and ridiculed all that could neither be explained nor accounted for in the ordinary course of nature, and was the last man in the world to believe in ghosts or aught supernatural. He tried to look grave while he listened to his friend's recital; but when it was ended, he hinted at "the strange effects of nightmare," and was evidently sceptical, and thought Richard rather weak-minded to make so much of what was "of course a bad dream." He readily agreed to pass a night or two with him, and they returned to the Lodge together in the afternoon, in time for dinner, and after it they sat talking over their wine of old schooldays, and feeling very comfortable, when Nicholson suddenly exclaimed,—

"Dick! Why, the deuce! Surely you can't cast *two* shadows! Look behind you!"

Richard crossed to his friend's side, and his shadow passed away as he moved, but the men still saw, to their astonishment, what looked like the dim reflection of a shadowy human form,—that of a man, only such a shadow clearly could be cast by no solid body. It was rather the shade of a shade!

While they gazed a female figure appeared, and by her gestures seemed to endeavour to propitiate her companion, gently laying her

hand upon his arm; but he roughly repulsed her, and half turned away from the imploring figure standing beside him. Then they saw her cast herself at his feet, but again he turned and shook her off contemptuously. She sprang to her feet as if stung by his cruelty, and then, proud and defiant, as it seemed from the dumb-show, fronted him again, and the men saw the male shade seize her by the shoulder, while he plunged a knife into her bosom, and then he flung her from him, and she fell faint and bleeding on to the very chair from which Richard had started a few moments before! The men glanced quickly at each other, and drew nearer together, and when they looked again, the forms had vanished, leaving them motionless with horror and amazement. When sufficiently recovered to move, Richard threw open one of the windows, and they stepped out into the garden, to try and compose their startled nerves with the cold, frosty air.

"Well Hal, what do you think now? Was *that* a dream?" asked Richard, in rather fearful tones: "was that a dream, or is there something more in Nature than man can see and understand?"

Nicholson did not choose even then to admit that the strange spectacle they had witnessed was unaccountable, though he confessed he was perplexed as to what the cause could have been, so he tried to reply lightly; but notwithstanding his pretended coolness, he was evidently both puzzled and disconcerted. After a while, they resolved to go into the house again, though they could not sit any more in the dining-room, so lately the scene of such a mysterious exhibition; so they ordered their coffee to be taken into the library, and then sat reading until bedtime; and the evening passed with no further alarms, and when they retired to rest in the bedroom Richard and Alice usually occupied, they hoped the ghosts would leave them in peace, and Nicholson even spoke jokingly of their adventure, and

declared that for his part he felt ashamed of having, even for a moment, given credence to it, though to explain it quite passed his powers. Harewood could not laugh, and felt more ready to believe in it as supernatural than his friend, but even he had got over the first shock, and was quite equal to passing a comfortable night, if not again disturbed, and they were settling themselves for sleep when they both started at an odd sound they heard below, and as they listened it advanced, but very slowly, up the creaking stairs. It was, they felt certain, the foot-fall of a man, and of one bearing some heavy load. On it came, nearer and nearer, making the men get closer together, shuddering involuntarily at the idea of a fresh apparition. As they watched, the door opened softly, though they had carefully bolted it a few hours before, and there stood a shape, a man apparently, and in his arms a bleeding form, a woman stabbed in the breast, with the red life-blood slowly trickling from the ghastly wound staining her white robes and the dress of the figure, her murderer, as they knew, who bore her. The apparition entered, and came forward, making straight for the door of the inner room, passing so close to the bed that Richard, who lay that side, almost expected the woman's dress to sweep across him and shrank back instinctively to avoid the contact. On they moved, that ghastly pair, this door, too, opening for them and closing again as they disappeared into the haunted chamber, leaving Richard and his friend petrified with mingled fear and astonishment. As soon as they could rouse themselves they went to the door through which the form had passed, and found it locked and bolted securely, though they were convinced they had just seen it wide open. They looked blankly at each other's white face, then Henry boldly pushed back the fastenings and unclosed once more that mysterious door, and they both stood gazing into the apartment brightly illumined by the moon and

almost as light as by day; but nothing was there and all was quiet, the perfect emptiness and stillness scaring them almost as much as any sight they had prepared themselves to see.

"Well, Dick, it is strange; there must be something in it; we could not both be fooled like this by fancy!" said Nicholson, in a low, startled voice, very unlike his usual jolly, rather boisterous tones.

"There must be," echoed Richard, "it's very awful. I wish day would break! What shall we do; can you stay here till morning? They may come again!"

"I'm sure I hope not!" exclaimed Henry; "surely we have seen enough for one night; it's nearly two, besides, and you never saw anything after that time before, did you?"

"No," said Richard, "I never saw anything before at all, and sounds are pleasant compared to this."

"Hark! there is two striking, so I vote we go to bed again, and don't make ourselves look like a couple of fools, disturbing the house, and making a fuss. Come!"

Richard reluctantly complied, and they lay, every nerve on the stretch, half fearing to shut their eyes lest on opening them another fearful vision should present itself; and so they lay till the cheerful sunlight streamed into their chamber, and with its pleasant brightness put all fears of ghostly visitants to rest for that time at least, and they felt secure enough to fall asleep. Fatigued with their watchful and terrifying night, the two friends slept late the ensuing day, and when seated at last at their breakfast it was nearly mid-day.

"Well," said Richard, "I suppose you have had enough to convince you that this is no house for mortals to inhabit. I'm so thankful poor little Alice was away, it would have frightened her nearly to death if she had seen and heard last night's sights and sounds. I know I have had enough."

"Do you really mean to be driven out of your pretty cottage

by the ghosts," asked Nicholson. "I should have it carefully searched, and try to find the cause of it all; there must be some trickery."

"Of course I shall leave it," answered Richard; "why I would not run the risk of scaring my wife out of her wits for anything; besides I confess I've had enough to last me a considerable time in the spiritual line! It's very fine to laugh by daylight, but in the night it is quite another affair!"

"I don't like giving it up," replied Harry, "it seems so absurd, and I can't believe it inexplicable, though it was not agreeable, I must say. I propose we stay here one more night at least, and if anything is to be heard or seen, I shall give in, and be converted to a firm believer in hobgoblins, &c., &c., for the rest of my days. What do you say, Dick, will you try it?" Richard looked as if it was a rather distasteful proposition, but partly from dread of his friend's sarcasms if he seemed afraid, and also from regret at having to give up his cottage, he thought, "Perhaps the mystery may explain itself somehow," and so he finally resolved to venture another evening's entertainment by the spirits.

In the afternoon our heroes took a long ride, and came in rather tired in body, but decidedly stronger in mind and nerve, and after a good dinner they took up books, and felt cool and composed, and as little inclined to be nervous as any two human beings could, after their late experiences.

The evening passed away, tea came and was finished, and eleven struck, and they had had no disturbances, so hoping that the ghosts had had their fling the preceding night, they retired to rest and were soon fast asleep, and the only sounds heard were the steady snores of the estimable pair.

One sounded—all still. A quarter past—at peace. Half-past: "What's that, Hal?"

The footsteps in the adjoining room trod the floor once more, making their hearts beat quickly. Hush! have they left off? No!

They see the door softly opening, and again that ghastly pair pass by the bedside, go to the outer door, and this time descend the groaning stairs!

"Dick, get up; let's follow."

Hal had sprung up, and was already unfastening the useless bolts, and they looked over the banisters and saw the figures gliding on. On they went, step by step, following their fearsome guide, and reached the dining-room once more. The room seemed lighted by a kind of phosphorescent light. The shutters were closed, and no light could penetrate through them, and no fire burned in the grate, and they had forgotten to bring their lamps in their haste, yet still the room was lighted somehow, not brightly, but enough for them to see plainly from the doorway the two shadowy figures, the male bearing that ghastly corse, standing near the block of chimneys, exactly. Richard thought, where he had often stood and felt that shuddering cold run through his veins. "No wonder," was his inward comment. The male shade turned, and still bearing his horrible burden, walked to the chair into which the men had seen the woman fall fainting on the previous morning, and gently laid her in it; then he moved towards the window, opened it, and disappeared. "Is this the end? No!" Once more they see him enter, this time with a crowbar in his hand, and he slowly displaces a panel, which reveals in the brickwork behind it a kind of recess. Then the ghostly labourer lifts the poor blood-stained corse once more, and, with a groan, passionately kisses those pale lips, and gently lays her within that secret grave, again replaces the panel so as to leave no trace of his unholy work, opens the window, and passes out, the light dies away, and the men are left in darkness, and sick with horror, to grope their way back to their bedroom! They seemed surrounded by the supernatural. They no longer thought of going out into the air, for where was that being who had so lately

gone out into the quiet garden? Inside or out it was all terrible, melancholy, fearful, and they thought with dismay of the many hours that yet remained of the long dark winter night. However, having gained their chamber, they lighted the lamp, and getting once more into bed, waited uneasily for the dawn, starting at every sound, and wretchedly nervous; but the horrors were over, and nothing more occurred, and at last day broke, and they fell asleep, too tired out even to dream, and again we find them at their late breakfast, eating with but little appetite, and looking white and ill.

As Richard resolved to give the Lodge up, he did not care to keep the servants ignorant of his reason for quitting it, and desired them to come in one by one, and he and Henry closely questioned them if they had ever heard or seen anything strange; but they were evidently astonished at the question, and answered truthfully in declaring such an idea as that the house was haunted had never entered their heads, one or two adding if they *had* thought so they would never have stayed in it so long.

"Then, Hal," said Harewood, "it's only the morning-room, that staircase, and the two bed-rooms, that are troubled this way."

"Yes, apparently," assented Hal, "but as that is the best part of the house, I don't see how you can spare all those three rooms to the ghosts, and I honestly advise your leaving the whole place to them. I would not pass another night in that room for a fortune."

"More would I; but if the other rooms are quiet, it's a terrible bore turning out of the place."

"You had better go, Dick, nevertheless; besides, you won't get a servant to live here for love or money now!"

"That's true. I wonder if the story will ever come to light; there is evidently murder in it—I don't think I shall sleep at ease for a month to come."

"I could not *here*," said Nicholson,

"but elsewhere I guess my rest won't be much broken, when once I get that horrid sight out of my head. It was horrid being left in the dark. I never felt so terrified in my life! That light, too—how strange that was! what could it have been from?"

"Depend upon it, Hal, there is no accounting for these things; we *may* hear the history of the life of that awful pair and of her death, but that's all the explanation we shall ever get till we are ghosts ourselves, then p'raps we shall know all about it."

"Don't be so unpleasant, Dick. I never thought dying could be agreeable, but now, really, the idea of becoming a ghost is worse than ever."

"Be quiet, Hal! I am not up to joking about it yet, it was too awful."

"So it was, old boy, and I think if we stay here doing nothing but thinking of it we shall go through it again in our dreams, though I devoutly hope not again in reality."

"Then you do think there was something *real* about it, after all?" interrupted Harewood; "but you are right, and I shall go and see after Alice, and till I can welcome you in a more comfortable fashion, I suppose you will go home."

"Well, yes; I suppose so."

And so on that afternoon the friends separated, resolving to try and find out the reason of the strange visitation they had experienced, but this, however, they never accomplished.

Richard, unable to summon up courage to revisit the cottage, disposed of it shortly afterwards. It seldom wanted tenants, but they never stayed long, and though few witnessed the ghastly scenes depicted in this narrative, the most sceptical never attempted to deny that the measured tread of footsteps was heard in the midnight hours, and ghostly forms were seen to flit from room to room; but the true history of that deadly crime will never be revealed, and the mystery of the Haunted Lodge will be a mystery for ever.

A VISIT TO HENLEY REGATTA.

CHAPTER I.

May 30th, Henley-on-Thames.

Dear Jack,—Of course you come to Henley next month, and if so you may just as well take up your quarters with us for a week or so. Our little place is looking its best just now, and though I fear I can't offer much in the way of dissipation, still, I dare say, with the help of croquet (we have some awfully nice girls stopping here), the regatta, a water party, and a tea-fight or two, we may have a pleasant enough time of it, in the truly rural style. In haste, your old friend,

ROBERT FRANKLAND.

P.S. Mind and come. We all count on you.

Yes! of course I *was* going to Henley, and of course I would accept my old schoolfellow's invitation, partly because I was anxious to see my friend again, and partly because the above slight sketch of a week at Henley was by no means unattractive. Bob Frankland and I had been sworn chums at Westminster, and had left school together, I to spend the allotted period at Cambridge, he, under pretence of reading for the law, to fritter away his time at home in boating, fishing, hunting, &c. Since our separation we had never met, though we had kept up an active correspondence, and I was now really glad of an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance. It was thus with very pleasurable sensations that I found myself deposited safely in front of Mrs. Frankland's pretty villa on the banks of the Thames, one hot afternoon in June, 18—.

In the hall I was welcomed by my old friend, croquet-mallet in hand, in highest excitement.

"Just in time, old fellow! We've just begun a new game, and you can come in at once. Pity you weren't earlier: we've had three splendid matches. I hope you've dined. No? Dear me, that's a pity! I will order you something at once; or perhaps you'd rather wait: we have a knife-and-fork tea at seven, and there's lots of coffee going on the lawn. Which will you do?"

I chose the latter alternative, and followed my friend to a glass

door at the other end of the hall, through which the click of croquet-balls and merry voices and laughter were plainly audible.

"Now, yellow! Mind you don't miss! That's the way! Capitally done, Miss Marston, I declare!"

"Oh, Julia, you horrid girl! I shall never get back. I wish Bob would come!"

"All right, Loo, here we are!" and Bob opened the door on the scene of battle. Such a scene to rest one's eyes on that sultry summer afternoon! The cool, shady garden, with its smooth sweep of emerald velvet lawn, the broad bright river beyond, sparkling in the sunshine, all made prettier by the airy summer dresses floating over the grass, the bewitching hats, and still more bewitching faces of the fair combatants.

"Allow me to introduce you to my sister, Lucy." I don't think that was all Bob said, but at that moment I became oblivious of all created things save a vision of violet eyes and waving golden hair, a small white hand held out to me, and Miss Frankland's voice saying, "So glad to see you, Mr. Summers. You scarcely seem a stranger, we have heard so much about you from my brother. I hope you like croquet—we have kept a ball for you."

I stammered something about having only played once before, and then some one put a mallet into my hand, and I was exhorted to "send that horrid blue the other end of nowhere, because it was Lucy's, and if I didn't we should be all in her clutches."

And then I hit the ball and missed, and we *were* all in Lucy's clutches, which it struck me wouldn't, after all, be such an unpleasant position, and indeed, to tell the truth, I was in Lucy's clutches from the first moment I saw her, and have never got out of them since.

The game was a long and well-

contested one, and during its progress I became great friends with Miss Marston, a talkative young lady with brown eyes, who quite took me under her wing, sent me through all my hoops, and was kind enough to say it was not my fault when we got beaten, and that I should very soon become a first-rate player. Then followed tea, to which all did justice, though (notwithstanding my dinnerless day) I fancy the greater part of my refreshment was imbibed through the medium of eyes and ears, in the shape of Miss Frankland's sitting opposite to me.

During the course of the meal there was much conversation on the great topic of interest, the regatta.

"Of course you are interested for Cambridge, Mr. Summers," said Miss Marston, "and especially as I see Trinity has a boat down."

"Yes, of course; though I fear we shall not come off with flying colours, as our crew is very inferior to last year's."

"Do you do much yourself in that line?"

"Very little, I am sorry to say, Miss Marston."

"Oh, dear, why not? I thought every one at college went in for that sort of thing!" This was remarked across the table with a touch of contempt.

"I don't abstain from choice, Miss Frankland; the truth is, I can't find time for it."

"Oh, you are a 'reading man,' I suppose."

What is there so repugnant in the term "reading man" to one worthy the accusation? What is there to be ashamed of in honest labour? And yet at that moment I would have given worlds to be able to deny the charge boldly.

"You see," Bob explained to me over a cigar, before turning in that night, "we are in such a regular boating set here, that many people, especially the girls, think that every one must be as fond of it as themselves; indeed, it is here almost a *sine quâ non*."

"And non-boating men are set down as flats."

"Ah, I see, you are thinking of what Lucy said at tea. But you must not mind her, old boy; she has a sharp way with her at times, but there's not a better little girl going, when you get to know her."

What wonder was it, then, that I regretted being only a "reading man."

"By-the-bye," asked Mrs. Frankland (to whom by the way, I had been introduced before tea) "did not you say, Bob, that young Lorrimer, of Christ Church, who you knew at Westminster, is going to row in the sculling-match to-morrow?"

"Yes, mother, what of him?"

"Well, I have made an interesting discovery about him."

"Good gracious, mamma, what?" exclaimed Miss Lucy, with much interest.

"Well, you know the White House on the river has been taken."

"Yes, and the name is Lorrimer. Dear, how strange! Are they related?"

"There are two daughters and a son, and the son is the man who is going to row."

"What, the tall handsome creature with the blonde whiskers we met yesterday?"

"The same. But, my dear Lucy, you should not express your admiration so openly."

"Well, I can't help it, mamma. You know at the time I remarked that he was the handsomest man I had seen for an age. How I wish we knew them!"

"I do know him," said Bob, "I introduced myself to him to-day on the strength of our old school acquaintance. Do you remember him, Summers?"

I did not, and Bob continued, "By the way, Miss Lucy, that remark of yours about Lorrimer was not of the politest description. We are all highly offended at it. Pray retract immediately."

"Oh, of course, always excepting present company," and Miss Frankland laughed and blushed, looking across the table in a way that made my heart beat in an absurd way, though I did not quite understand it.

The regatta day was as brilliant as heart could desire, and every one knows how brilliant it is under favourable circumstances. Bright indeed was it that day under the cloudless sky, with all the country round turned out in its holiday attire to make it gay. I need not describe it. Those who have once seen will not easily forget the bridge loaded with carriages; the motly crowd swarming over the broad green river-side meadows; the broad sparkling river, clotted with crafts of every description; the Lion garden, filled with all the idle, careless, handsome youth of young England, Cambridge and Oxford, Eton and Rugby, lounging on the terrace or in the windows of that picturesque old inn. All this is not soon forgotten.

Of course there were plenty of people glad to avail themselves of Mrs. Frankland's lawn to see the races, and there were croquet and coffee and ices, and flirtation going all day.

After luncheon, a party was formed to row up towards the bridge, Bob and I undertaking one boat, containing the Misses Marston, Miss Frankland, and a cousin who had come up for the day. The grand excitement of the day, the sculling match, was to come off in an hour's time, and Miss Marston suggested that we should try and effect a temporary exchange with some friends on the bridge, giving them the use of our boat whilst we watched the race from their waggonette.

"I am sure they will be glad of the change," she said: "they must be bored to death sitting all day stuffed up in a carriage on that baking bridge."

She was right, and we were soon crowing over our companions in the other boat as to the superior position we had gained. We soon, however, began to discover that even the bridge was not without its drawbacks. Swarms of tramps of every kind surrounded the carriage with amiable though mercenary efforts for our amusement. Diminutive urchins flung them-

selves recklessly over the bridge and dived for halfpennies. A nautical party with a wooden leg entertained us with an account of Trafalgar, in which he figured largely in conjunction with Lord Nelson. A dirty-looking young person, with a choice assortment of gingerbread and green apples, warbled "The Babes in the Wood," with many shakes and quavers; and finally, a gipsy woman with rolling black eyes and copper-coloured baby, posted herself firmly beside Miss Frankland, and began telling her fortune in a monotonous running accompaniment to our conversation.

"Oxford men, I suppose," said Miss Lucy, turning her back resolutely to the gipsy, and glancing at a group near us. "Who is that tall one with the eye-glass, Bob? He seems to know you."

"Why, that is your model of good looks," said Bob, laughing; "the attractive Lorrimer, the champion of the sculling race. Shall I introduce him?"

"Oh! certainly. It would be such a distinction to claim his acquaintance if he wins."

Bob moved off, and in the pause that followed, the gipsy became audible, informing Miss Frankland that a mutual attachment existed between her and a certain fine gentleman not very far off (at this point something on the young lady's fair cheek led me to speculate whether the rose-coloured lining of her dainty white silk parasol could have anything to do with it.) "A rare fine gent," continued the woman; "as'll make himself known on the river afore long. Ay! and the regatta and the old words'll be long in your mind."

"Known on the river indeed! Good heavens! what bosh the creature talks, to be sure." This was *sotto voce* on my part, and then aloud, "Come, be off, my good woman! We have had quite enough rubbish for a twelvemonth, so just take yourself off. Don't you see you are boring the ladies?"

When I returned from forcing a retreat on the gipsy's part, I found

that an introduction had taken place between Miss Frankland and Mr. Lorrimer, who was certainly a fine animal in his way, with square shoulders and yellow hair, but with an offensive way of staring, especially at Miss Frankland.

"Well, I am sure I give you my best wishes," she was saying, with a smile; "the more so as I believe we are to be near neighbours. I am sure mamma will take the earliest opportunity of calling on Mrs. Lorrimer."

"Thank you! I am sure my mother will be delighted."

Various common-places followed, and at last he took his leave, much to the relief of one at least of the party. In another half-hour he was receiving a perfect ovation of applause. He had won the race and the diamond sculls.

"A splendid race, and splendidly won. It was indeed well done," said Miss Frankland, with a little flush of admiration—not the parasol this time.

"Would that I were a boating man, were it only to take a little conceit out of that great sandy-haired muff," I thought, with a pang of jealousy.

The days slipped away merrily and pleasantly, and not the less so, perhaps, that Mr. Lorrimer did not again during my stay favour us with his society. A call on the new-comers was once or twice suggested by Mrs. Frankland, but each time something happened to prevent it.

So the last day of my stay came, and I was more in love with pretty Miss Lucy than ever. Just the slightest *soupçon* of jealousy, too, had since the regatta added fuel to the fire, for she had a way, sometimes, of making what seemed to me most exaggerated comments on the advantages of being six feet two inches, and possessing what she chose to call "golden whiskers," and the prettiness of the name Lorrimer, &c., &c. All, however, were accompanied by such wicked little flashes at me from under long eyelashes that I sometimes even fancied—well, never mind what I fancied.

"So you really leave us to-morrow," she said, as we lingered the last evening among the twilight shadows on the lawn. "I wish you could stay longer."

"Do you really, though? How very kind!" I answered earnestly; "no one knows how much I wish my visit were not over."

"Well, I hope you will come next year, if not before. It has been a pleasant week."

"Pleasant! glorious! perfect, to me at least. This place is a paradise! You are much to be envied, I think, Miss Frankland; this splendid river alone is a constant source of enjoyment."

"So it is; only the worst of it is, that when Bob and George Marston are gone, which will be in a short time now, we shall have no one to row us about."

"But surely any one would be only too happy to serve you at any time."

"Oh, of course! But, you see, *anyone* would not quite do for us. We have no very intimate friends except the Marstons."

"Ah, you should learn for yourself. All the ladies here should row, I think."

"Should they? Mamma would call it terribly masculine and unladylike."

"Quite a mistake, I am sure. There could not be a prettier sight than a neat, light, little boat managed by a crew of pretty young ladies."

"Well, I own I should not mind trying. But really Mr. Summers, it's very fine your talking in that way to me when you don't care about it yourself. Practise before you preach."

"Ah, you certainly have me there! But, do you know, Miss Frankland, that this week has quite fired me with ambition to excel in the noble art?"

"Oh, I am so glad! Now you must promise to begin at once. Will you not?"

"I would begin this minute if it could please you. But come, Miss Frankland, I will do my very best to attain excellence on condition

that you will do the same; and this time next year we will have a sculling match—Jack Summers Trin. Coll. Cam. *versus* Miss Frankland, Queen of the River. Is it a bargain?"

"Done!" she exclaimed, laughing gaily. "But what is the prize to be? Who will offer the diamond sculls? What do you say to a dozen pairs of gloves from Pivet's?"

"With pleasure, I am sure. But if I win?"

"Oh, you wont! I always win everything I choose to."

"Yes, how could it be otherwise? But if I win, for the sake of the argument?"

"Well, what then? Don't the gloves suit your ideas?"

"No, certainly not, as I am not much given to those articles. But I should like *one* pair above everything else in the world."

"You are very humble in your demands."

"Quite the contrary, very ambitious. I was thinking of a certain pair of very charming pale green ones, one of which I had the felicity of touching as I handed you out of the boat to-day."

Miss Frankland did not answer immediately. She had become suddenly absorbed in a cluster of roses, one of which she was assiduously pulling to pieces.

"Is my request too bold?" I asked in a low voice.

"Oh, as you like," and as she turned towards the house there was a pink spot on her cheek and a look in her blue eyes, that dwelt in my memory long after.

The next day I left Henley, I need not say how reluctantly, and returned to London and finally to Cambridge, with a desperate resolve not to rest from my aquatic labours till I had beaten that conceited puppy Lorrimer, if it was only for the pleasure of hearing Miss Frankland say to me, as she had done to him, "Well done!"

CHAPTER II.

THIS is not an autobiography. I do not pretend even to give a detailed account of that small portion of my life which the story occupies. I only wish to describe to my readers three different occasions on which I was present at the Henley Regatta. But, in order to account for the very different sensations which I experienced at these times, it will be necessary to give a few details of my intermediate life.

My parting promise to Miss Frankland was faithfully kept. Immediately on my return to college I entered the boat club, and (having, I suppose, a natural gift that way, as well as the encouraging hope of my goddess's approval in view), I made such rapid progress in the noble art that the June of the following year found me rowing bow in that one of the Trinity eights which was to be present at the Henley Regatta.

But notwithstanding my unusual success in this way, my only feeling as the day approached was: "Well, thank goodness it will soon be over! I only trust I may not stumble against any of the Frankland party." I had received from Bob a pressing and warm invitation to repeat my last year's visit, assuring me that both his mother and sister would be delighted to see me, but I had written to decline, exclaiming with bitterness as I did so, "Did he suppose I was going to see her and that be-whiskered fool billing and cooing, and only grin and bear it?"

The cause of this remarkable phenomenon may be best explained by one or two short extracts from the numerous letters which I received from my indefatigable correspondent, Bob Frankland.

"*July 2nd.*—I look back with much pleasure to the little peep we had of you last month. My sister begs to be very kindly remembered to her old enemy in croquet. She is charmed to hear that you really mean to take up boating. By the way, we had a call from our new neighbours yesterday. They really

seem acquisitions. Nice ladylike looking girls, and the brother a very pleasant, gentlemanly fellow. I expect we shall see a good deal of them, as they live so near."

"*Aug. 11th.*—Lucy has taken it into her head to learn rowing, much to her mamma's horror. She and the Marston's and Lorrimer's are indefatigable in their exertions on the river every evening. You have no notion what jolly girls the Lorrimer's are, especially the eldest; plenty to say for herself and a stunning soprano; sounds awfully well in glees and things on the water, you know."

"*Oct. 19th.*—"We're getting dull here already. Boating is pretty well over for the year, I think. Lorrimer went back to Oxford some time ago, and has been distinguishing himself, I see, in some Michaelmas college races. I wish you and he could know each other. I am sure you would hit it capitally. Between you and me, I fancy he is a little bit spooney about Lucy. *She* sticks to it that it is Julia Marston, but I don't believe a word of it."

"*Dec. 29th.*—"I wish you could be here just now. The skating is capital, and Zadkiel promises us three weeks at least before the frost breaks. The girls are quite proficient already; Lucy especially, under Lorrimer's teaching, is becoming a first-rate skater."

"*Feb. 22nd.*—"The poor Lorrimer's are in sad trouble just now. Frank Lorrimer has been terribly knocked up, poor fellow, with brain fever. I don't know the cause at all; not over work, I should think. Sad blow for his governor, when he was just working up for his "great." They say his recovery will be a very slow affair, and the doctors prescribe perfect rest for the next six months at least."

"*April 15th.*—What a glorious spring, to be sure! We are out on the water almost every evening till eight o'clock. Lorrimer is all right again, I am glad to say, though he certainly won't return to college till Michaelmas. The ladies have started a boat club under his superintendence. They have a regular

uniform, and, by Jove! I never saw anything to beat Kate Lorrimer in the boating hat and blue jacket! Such a complexion and figure, and such a jolly way of managing her oars! It's enough to drive a fellow distracted."

"P.S.—My opinions about Lucy and Frank Lorrimer are unaltered."

About a month after this last epistle a friend called on me who had been spending Easter with some friends in Berkshire, and had come across the Lorrimer's a good deal during his stay there.

"Did you happen to come across some friends of theirs, the Franklands?" I asked, with forced indifference.

"Frankland? Let me see. Ah, yes, connected by marriage, weren't they?"

"By marriage! No, I think not, at least I have not heard of it."

"Oh, I daresay I am wrong. Now I come to think of it, it was only an engagement. Young Frankland was to marry—let's see, which way was it?"

"To marry Miss Lorrimer," I added, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes. No! I think it was just the other way. Miss Frankland to Lorrimer. Yes, I am nearly sure that was it, because I remember seeing them together at a party, and remarking what a nice-looking little thing she was."

I said no more on the subject, and the same evening wrote a short note of congratulation to Bob as follows:—

My dear Bob.—As an old friend of yours (and I hope I may call myself a friend of your family), a line of congratulation may not seem misplaced, on the piece of news I heard from my friend Fletcher this morning; *i.e.* the union of the two great houses of Frankland and Lorrimer. Accept my best congratulations on the happy event, and please offer the same to your sister. I hope some day to make the acquaintance of your brother-in-law and his family. Your old friend,
JACK SUMMERS.

Trin. Coll., Cam., May 16th.

I felt a martyr and hero after this effusion, and awaited the answer with stoical fortitude. It came, as follows:—

Dear Jack,—I have exactly a minute-and-a-half to thank you for your welcome letter. I believe

the "happy event," as you call it, is a subject of congratulation to all parties, especially to your sincere friend,

ROBERT FRANKLAND.

Henley, May 24th.

P. S. The wedding takes place early in July.

So it was all true, then! Sweet Lucy Frankland was to become Mrs. Lorrimer within two months.

"Subject of congratulation," indeed! Subject of misery, he should have said, at least to one person. What object had life for me now? Should a pistol or razor end my woes? or should I quit the society of all my friends, and wander over the world a blighted outcast? These were my first thoughts as I crushed the missive in my hand. Second ones, as I twisted it into a spill to light a cigar, were of a more reasonable order. Wandering over the face of the earth would, after all, be a more expensive affair than my present income would admit of; and the razor question must at all events be deferred for a month or so, as I had pledged myself to row at Henley, and my absence might occasion much inconvenience. No; life, though a burden, must be borne.

Thus it was with very different feelings to those of the preceding year that I found myself at Henley for the second time.

The regatta was to take place on the two last days of June, and the 29th dawned under a determined grey sky, and dragged out its weary length in a steady, continuous downpour. The 30th was a trifle better, and a few watery sunbeams shed a wan radiance on soaking umbrellas, mud-splashed carriages, and draggled spectators, and seemed like a ghastly smile of derision at the two melancholy failures made that day by the Trinity boat.

It was a dreary affair altogether. No one could account for our ill-luck; in fact, it was the sort of thing no fellow could understand.

As I and one of our crew were sauntering somewhat disconsolately across the bridge, I felt a tap on my arm, and Bob Frankland exclaimed;—

"Caught at last, old boy! I have

been hunting for you all day; you must come back with me to dinner. Come, it's no use refusing; it's the only way you can show penitence for that horribly brusque rejection of my invitation."

"I am sorry you thought it brusque," I said, shaking hands and trying vainly to reflect Bob's radiant smile of pleasure at our meeting; "I did not mean it at all. I hope all your party are well."

"Oh, flourishing! But you will come and dine, won't you? I particularly want to introduce you to the Lorrimers; oh, you must come!"

"Thank you, I should be delighted, but we have a dinner at the Lion, and anyhow I don't care about showing my degraded face after our disgrace to-day."

"Shocking unfortunate, certainly, but you'll do better next year. Can't you really come, though? What a bore! Fancy, seeing nothing of you, after all! I wish I could have made sure of you for the 13th."

"The 13th, what is that?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? The fatal day, you know. I wanted you to come—indeed, we all did, only some aunt of the Lorrimers died the other day, so it is to be a very quiet affair; no one is asked but just the two families, not even cousins, who always expect to be first on the list. However, I must be off now. You really won't come? Well, goodbye! I know I may remember you to Lucy, and all at home. They'll be awfully disappointed at not seeing you." So saying he left me.

The evening proved fine, and after dinner a friend proposed to me a pull down the river towards Medmenham. In doing so we had to pass the Frankland's garden, where a party of ladies were just settling themselves into a boat for an evening row.

As we passed I caught the sound of a well-known voice, and looking up saw Mr. Lorrimer handing Lucy Frankland into the boat. It was but a passing glimpse, but, somehow, I fancied she looked paler

and graver than when I last saw her. "Nervous at the approaching ceremony." I thought bitterly. "Yes, they are certainly a very well-matched couple. Perhaps things are better as they are." Another moment and we were out of sight. And thus ended my second visit to Henley.

A fortnight afterwards I read with sensations impossible to describe the following announcement in the *Times*.

"On the 13th inst., at the parish church, Henley-on-Thames, by the Rev. Arthur Lorrimer, uncle of the bride, Robert, only son of the late Captain Frankland, R.N., to Katherine, eldest daughter of H. Lorrimer, Esq., of Henley."

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER year gone, and once more I find myself at Henley. Once more, but oh! how different it all was! no rain, no heavy clouds, no gloomy thoughts; but a cloudless sky, glorious sunshine, bright hopes and eager excitement! I had visited the jolly old place more than once since that gloomy day last year, having on two occasions spent a week there; once at Mrs. Frankland's villa, with its shady garden and sweet associations, and once with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Frankland, who had taken a pretty romantic little cottage, all honeysuckle and roses, just such as a young newly-married couple should possess.

That absurd mistake of mine about the wedding had become quite a stale joke now. "So you thought Loo was going to marry Frank, and behaved like a bear for three months in consequence?" and Bob laughed and exchanged knowing glances with his pretty little wife.

"To Frank, too, of all the people in the world!" responded she, highly amused; "what an absurd notion, to be sure! I wonder what Julia Marston would say to it. I declare I must tell Lucy. It would make her laugh, and it is a treat to

hear her laugh now-a-days. She has become so grave of late, I can't imagine why it is."

This was on the occasion of the first of my two visits, on the day of my arrival.

We spent the evening at the villa, and Bob told Lucy of my strange blunder, and she *did* laugh, and merrily, too; and Bob remarked as we walked home that she had looked better that evening than she had done for a long time.

These June races brought to me a double excitement. I should see sweet Lucy once more; this was to me *the* excitement. The other however, was outwardly far the greater of the two: I was to compete for the possession of the diamond sculls, as representative of my university, and my opponent was to be Francis Lorrimer, Esq. of Christ Church, Oxford. During the past year boating had become almost a passion with me; I loved it now truly for its own sake, though the little episode of the green gloves had never been quite forgotten. I had striven almost savagely for pre-eminence, and now it seemed as if, at last, one part of the gipsy prediction might become true of me—"make himself famous on the river afore long;" and then, oh, might the rest be true!

The evening before the race was calm and lovely, and loitering by the river under the drooping trees, Lucy Frankland listened to me, smiling as I recalled to her the scene on the bridge two years ago, and the old woman's fortune-telling.

"What makes you remember it so?" she said; "such rubbish, too!"

"Rubbish it may be, but not quite without truth in it, after all."

"How? I don't understand."

"Did she not say that some one was loved by some one else who would soon be famous on the river? Who did she mean, I wonder?"

"I know no one famous on the river except Frank Lorrimer, so it was not true," she said, laughing.

"But to-morrow, oh, Miss Frankland! the last part of the old woman's words may perhaps become

true of me, the rest have been long true already!"

Then came a little pause, and then she said, still with an attempt at the old playfulness, "How could one part be true, without the other?"

"How? Oh, Miss Frankland! Oh, Lucy, I shall, I must, prove it to be true! Oh, if I win, will you believe it then? Will you not tell me my love is not given in vain?"

"And if you lose, what then?"

"Miss Frankland," I cried, passionately, "don't laugh at me! It may be a jest to you, it is a very serious matter to me!"

"And to me, too," she said earnestly, and then added softly, laying her little hand in mine and raising her clear eyes to my face, "It cannot make any difference at all to me whether you win or lose."

What followed this little speech is of no consequence to any but myself and Lucy. Suffice it to say that I left her the jolliest, happiest, luckiest dog in the world. I walked home that evening to the Lion arm-in-arm with Frank Lorrimer, my rival of the morrow, but with whom, notwithstanding, I had struck up a sudden friendship; for, after all, he was a capital fellow, and quite different to my first hastily-formed impressions of him.

I don't know how that night and the greater part of the next day passed; as I look back on it now, all seems like a sort of vague, pleasant dream.

I was not to see my lady till after the race, and then I must, she said, "come and be consoled, because such a dear stupid old Jack would be sure not to win."

Surely it would be worth while to be beaten if only to have such consolation.

At last the appointed hour came, and we were off. Those brief minutes are the strangest and dimmest of my whole life. I scarcely heard the shouts of the running crowds on the bank, nor the splash of the water under our sculls; we seemed to fly over the shining river, and

every stroke was bringing me nearer to the prize, nearer to my love, nearer to Lucy.

And then the gun was fired, and I had a dim consciousness of raising my sculls and waving my cap in answer to the cheers that proclaimed my success.

And then I landed, and had my hand almost shaken off in the hearty congratulations of my friends.

"Well done, indeed! three cheers for Summers!" sounded in my ears as I passed up the bank.

"Well done, yer honour! Finest race I've seen this twenty year, sir! Drink yer honour's 'ealth and long life to you," said obsequious boatmen, as I hurried by them.

"Well done, dear old friend!" cried Bob Frankland, giving me a hearty slap on the back, tears of pleasure at my victory standing in his eyes the while.

"Well done, indeed!" said the one sweet voice I cared to hear; "I felt quite sure you would win. Oh, how proud I feel of my dear old boy!"

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And thus it was that I won the diamond sculls.

My wife and I are regular visitors at the Henley Regatta. We have never missed it once since our marriage, and never mean to do so if we can help it. It is a scene that has many bright associations for us. We always seem there in the midst of friends. There are the Lorrimers, the Marstons, and all Lucy's old neighbours; and, as for me, every "varsity" man lounging on the bridge—be he Cantab or Oxonian—every boatman on the river, every gipsy selling cheats at sixpence per hundred,—all will ever seem friends to me.

Lucy and I have been married three years, and I need not say how happy we are. Not very rich; not very poor; I working steadily on in my profession in London, where we have a pleasant cosy house in a quiet neighbourhood. We have, Lucy and I, a pleasant little vision, which we often talk about, of a pretty little villa on the

Thames which is some day to be ours, with a gay garden and smooth lawn running down to the river; in fact, just such another as her old home where we first met.

We often visit Henley; sometimes on a visit to Bob and Kate, and sometimes to Frank Lorrimer and his wife, our old friend Julia Marston.

Talking of Julia, it was only the other day I asked Bob how it was that Lorrimer ever had the good taste to admire my wife.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "We men are shocking blunderers some times, and you know at that time I was far too much engrossed in another quarter to see other people's matters with much clearness."

"Clearness!" exclaimed my wife, laughing; "I should think little enough of that! Why, I said all along that Frank and Julia would make a match of it!"

WHITSUNTIDE.

MR. FOSBROKE remarks that this feast was celebrated in Spain with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and of thunder from engines, which did much damage. Wafers or cakes, preceded by water, oak-leaves, or burning torches, were thrown down from the church roof; small birds, with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons were let loose. A long censer was also swung up and down.

In an old book, dated 1509, we have the prices paid at St. Patrick's, Dublin; namely, "4s. 7d. paid to those playing with the great and little angel and the dragon; 3s. paid for little cords employed about the Holy Ghost; 4s. 6d. for making the angel censuring, and 2s. 2d. for cords of it,"—all on the feast of Pentecost.

The *Whitsun Ales* were derived from the *Agapai*, or love-feasts of the early Christians, and were so denominated from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from sundry games—their being no poor-rates—were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to the Christian rule, that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Aubray thus describes a Whitsun ale:—

"In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the house-keepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on." It seems, too, that a tree was erected by the church door, where a banner was placed, and maidens stood gathering contributions. An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bower, was also put up in the church-yard. The more modern Whitsun ale consists of a lord and lady of the ale, a steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, train-bearer or page, fool, and pipe and tabor man, with a company of young men and women, who dance in a barn."

The "Reading Mercury" of May 14, 1819, contains the following advertisement:—"Peppard Revel will be held on Whit-Monday, May 31, 1819; and for the encouragement of young and old gamesters, there will be a good hat to be played for at cudgels; for the first seven couple that play, the man that breaks most heads to have the prize; and one shilling and sixpence will be given to each man that breaks a head, and one shilling to the man that has his head broke."

ALICE LEIGH:

A STAFFORDSHIRE IDYLL.

BENEATH the shadow of the time-worn spire
 O'er topping Bushbury Hill; of late there stood
 A rustic farmstead gabled and embowered
 With trailing ivy leaves from thatch to base.
 Forth from its antique casement oft had gleamed
 The ruddy glow of many a Christmas fire;
 And through the varying years its massive door
 Had opened wide to many a welcome guest.
 Through all the changeful years unchanged it stood,
 A silent watcher o'er the peaceful vale.
 The village manse was near, and down below
 The sleeping waters of a summer pool,
 Whose silver marge was fringed by chestnut bowers
 White with their clustering pyramids of bloom,
 And in the distance rose the gabled roof,
 Which erst gave shelter to the hapless Charles,
 Where trailed his royal robes through strife and blood.

One summer evening in the sunset glow
 Two children sported by the sleeping pool;
 The one a bud unfolding to the flower
 Of maiden purity and loveliness;
 Blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, and with a smile
 Which lit the face of Venus. Alice Leigh
 She called herself: the only joy and pride
 Of him who tenanted the rustic farm;
 For since his gudewife in the mould was laid,
 His love for Alice was the one gold link
 Which bound him to the world. For her he broke
 The stubble field, and fed the kine, and cleared the waste
 Where grew the marish flowers; and but for her
 He fain would rest beside his early love;
 For he was weary with the round of life.

The other child who sported by the pool
 Was in the prime of boyhood; chubby-faced
 And thoughtful brow'd, and with a head of curls
 Adonis might have envied. Son was he
 Of one whom all the village loved: their friend and pastor
 Who on the Sabbath taught his flock in words,
 And through the week in deeds; so pure and true
 As made his life one perfect living sermon!

O happy Edward Lynn and Alice Leigh!
 Cupid and Psyche in their bowers of bliss
 Were not more blessed with happiness than they.

Each was an only child at home, and each
 Had long been orphaned of a mother's care,
 And so in infant years they learnt to blend
 Their childish joys and sorrows; and to love—
 He with a brother's strong and fervent heart,
 She with a sister's trustful tenderness.

They play'd beside the pool in jocund glee,
 And gather'd roseate buds and knots of flowers,
 With which Adonis deck'd the snowy brow
 Of his ideal Venus. Hand in hand
 The lovers wandered to the water's edge,
 And as he gazed upon the placid pool,
 He told her stories of the far-off sea;
 How ships like living beings walked the waves,
 And dared the fury of the raging storm;
 And how, in dark unfathom'd depths below,
 The great Leviathans held sport and woo'd
 The smiling mermaids in their crystal caves.
 And as he spoke his earnest eyes grew bright,
 For in his heart there lurk'd, tho' unconfess'd,
 A secret longing for a sailor's life.
 They chatted till the twilight dawned, and then
 He led his playmate to her farmstead home,
 And reach'd the Manse just as the sun's last ray
 Had tinged the slanting limes.

The fleet years roll'd,

And in their train they carried much of joy
 And much of woe to every village home.
 But grief came most of all to Edward Lynn;
 For death's dark shadow fell upon the Manse,
 And call'd the village pastor to his rest,
 Leaving the orphan, as his heritage,
 A bright example and a stainless name!

The tearful days of mourning pass'd away,
 Grief spent its bitterness, and Edward rose
 And shook his sorrow from him, and prepared
 To face the frowning world and win its smile.
 The longings of his child heart came once more,
 And urging him with all their wonted force,
 He chose to seek his fortunes on the sea.

The parting day arrived, and old and young
 In all the village bade the youth "God-speed!"
 And loaded him with tokens of their love!
 But most of all he prized one lock of hair,
 A flaxen ringlet from a maiden's brow:
 "Believe me, Alice," was his parting word,
 "Whate'r betide, I will not prove untrue!"
 And so he went away.

The fleet years roll'd,

And yet no tidings came of Edward Lynn.
 But Alice lived in hope, and as she grew
 Her beauty blossom'd brighter day by day,
 And all the village swains, anear and far,
 Were captured by her charms.

Among the rest

Young Albert, scion of the village squire,
 Who owned the manor and the rustic farm,
 Who kept his hounds and hunters at the hall,
 Whose word was law in all the hamlets round,
 He came to Alice and confess'd his love,

And offered her the splendours of the hall,
 To raise her to a lady's dignity, and change
 Her homespun garments for the costliest silk.
 But she, regarding not his high estate,
 Told him the secret of her sailor-boy,
 And bade him tempt her faithful heart no more,
 For it was truly plighted.

The fleet years roll'd,

And still no tidings came of Edward Lynn.
 But sorrow fell upon the rustic farm,
 A blight and mildew took the farmer's crops,
 And through the land there swept a rinderpest,
 Which, one by one, laid all his cattle low ;
 And when the feast of Michaelmas came round,
 He could not face his landlord ; and with tears,
 The old man sued for time to meet his claim.

But Albert, in his warm and ardent love
 For Alice, came again and urged his suit ;
 And, pleading, told her of her father's state.
 How, if she yielded, he should be forgiven
 Of all the debt he owed, and thus preserved,
 In his old age, from frigid charity.
 And Alice sorely wept, and, weeping, said :
 " I fain would ease my father of his cares,
 By giving even all I prize most dear.
 But tell me, Albert, how can I bestow
 What is not mine to give ? The heart you seek
 Is o'er the wide, wide sea, no longer mine :
 I gave it years ago to Edward Lynn."
 " Tush, child !" said Albert, with a scornful smile,
 " That roving sailor-boy of whom you speak
 Has long been wrecked in some September gale,
 Or died of want on some unfriendly isle,
 Else he would have returned to claim his prize."
 And Alice wept again, and, weeping, said :
 " If Edward lives, my heart is in his keeping ;
 If he be dead, my heart is in his grave.
 And surely, Albert dear, you would not wed
 A heart that hath no life." But he replied :
 " Be it alive or dead, afar or near,
 But answer ' Yes,' to all my anxious prayer,
 And I shall be content." Then Alice paused,
 While two loves in her heart for mastery strove,—
 Love for her father in his stricken age,
 And love for Edward o'er the wide, wide sea.
 And Albert kissed away her trembling tears,
 And urged her to reply. So Alice said :
 " If by this sacrifice my father's life
 Is eased of anxious grief and threat'ning want,
 And if, within the limits of a year,
 My long-lost Edward is not found again,
 It shall be as thou say'st." And thus they parted,—
 He to the stately hall, she to her couch,
 Where in her fitful sleep that night she heard
 A voice like Edward's whisper in her ear,—
 " Whate'er betide, I will not prove untrue."
 And starting up she wept, she knew not why.

The fleet year roll'd, and brought the bridal day,
And still no tidings came of Edward Lynn.
At early dawn the village was astir,
The bells clashed blithely, and the rustic maids
Were weaving crowns of flowers and garlands gay,
In honour of the bride. And jocund swains
Were busy with the maypole on the lea,
And all was holiday.

Along the hill
A sailor toil'd beneath his weary load,
And stopp'd to ask the meaning of the mirth.
And when they said "The young squire's wedding-day,"
He ask'd "Who was the bride?"—and when they said,
"The only daughter of old Farmer Leigh,"
He, turning pale, pursued his onward way,
Not pausing till he reach'd the rustic farm,
Where solemn silvery music caught his ear,
And listening there he stood while Alice sang:
"O Love! young love, how mingled is thy life:
How full of boding care and present strife!
How full of hopes that bloom and pass away!
I woo'd thee once among the summer flowers,
I found and loved thee through the golden hours,
But Time, old Time, has stolen thee away.

"The village maids are weaving flowers for me,
The lads have rear'd a may-pole on the lea.
And the wild bells are clashing notes of joy.
I, only I, am sad this bridal-day;
I give my hand, my heart is far away,—
For ever thine, my long-lost Sailor-boy."

The music ceased, and then the sailor spake,
She, startled, raised her wondering blue eyes,
And look'd upon the brown and bearded man,
Who, smiling, said, "Why is the bride so sad?
Art thou not Alice Leigh? If so, I bring
A word from one thou lov'st in years gone by,
Young Edward Lynn." "What! loved him once!" she said,
"Yea still I love him with my heart of hearts."
And then in passion'd words she told him all
The secret of her father's grief, and of the pledge
She gave young Albert for her father's sake.
"But tell me more," she said with eager voice:
"Where hast thou seen my Edward? Is he well?
And when does he return?" And Alice wept.
The sailor placed his rugged hand on her
White fairy fingers, and with choking voice
He said, "The weather-beaten man who speaks to thee
Is Edward Lynn!"

She shriek'd a shriek of joy.
And as the parted waves of ocean rush
To gain their lost embrace, so Alice rush'd
Into the sailor's arms. And while they stood
Speechless for very joy, young Albert came
With stately step to greet his winsome bride,
And with him brought fair jewels for her brow,

And rings for every finger on her hand,
And flashing diamonds for her ears, and rich
And costly fabrics from the eastern climes.
But when he saw her clasp'd in Edward's arms,
He trembling called her with a voice of love;
But Alice only clung to Edward Lynn,
And would not give him ear.

He turn'd away,
All white with fury, striding to the hall,
And bade the village ringers cease their chimes,
And bade the maidens cast away their flowers,
And bade the swains strip off the may-pole's crown,
And bade the steward claim the farmer's debt,
And made the village tremble with dismay,
Thinking the bride would yield.

But Edward went,
And with his hard-earned savings paid the debt,
And bade the ringers ring, the weavers weave,
The swains make holiday; and at the hour,
He led her forth a bride, as beautiful
As e'er the sunshine blessed. Her olden smile
Came back in all its glory to her face,
And in her homespun garb she seem'd a queen.

So they were wed, and all the people say,
The village hath not seen before nor since,
Or e'er will see again, a bridal-day
Like that of Edward Lynn and Alice Leigh.

MODERN EDUCATION.

THE subject of education, under every aspect, has been so frequently discussed of late that the public may well be somewhat weary of the theme, and we should almost feel an apology due to our readers for now obtruding it on their notice were we not convinced that it is a matter in which a large proportion of them must ever be deeply interested. We have, however, no desire to overtax their patience on the present occasion, and do not therefore propose to discuss the subject on the broadest and most comprehensive basis. We are not about to inquire either into the meaning or merits of the "Educational Minutes," nor do we desire to review the "Revised Code;" we do not even intend to include the great public schools in our present survey. That the system there pursued is not in all respects perfect, or even as good as we have a right to expect in any mere human institution, has of late been more than hinted. We shall not, however, now attempt to drag forth either the merits or the faults of such institutions as Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, from the depths of their academic shades. Our subject thus narrows itself to a consideration of the system of education at present pursued in our private schools for both sexes. For reasons which we will not now pause to inquire into, such schools must always exist, to a greater or less extent; and, as a large proportion of the rising generation are fitted for their respective walks in life at such schools, we think that some inquiry into the manner in which they accomplish their task will not be deemed either uninteresting or unimportant. To expect the result of such scrutiny to be in all cases satisfactory, would be expecting too much; we are not so unreasonable, but we wish we could say that the plan of education generally pursued was one to which we could give our cordial adhesion. That many very excellent private

schools do exist, conducted by persons of skill and integrity, and in all respects fitted for the responsible and arduous duties of their calling, we are ready to acknowledge. Unfortunately, however, even in such schools, the errors of our present system of education make themselves felt in a greater or less degree. The principal, though actuated by the best of motives, is not a free agent; he is compelled to follow a certain routine, prescribed by prejudice or necessity, rather than give scope to the result of his own conviction as to the best method of educating youth. This is especially the case in our schools for young ladies—however high the aim, however conscientious the motives actuating the mistress, however sincere her desire to impart a really solid and useful education, her good intentions are to a great extent frustrated by the necessity imposed upon her of educating her young charges up to a certain standard, prescribed by fashion and prejudice rather than by sound judgment and common sense. When, as is too often the case, the mistress is actuated by no such commendable motives—and that our modern system of female education holds out great temptations to the unscrupulous and designing cannot be doubted—the result is in the highest degree unsatisfactory, the very reverse, in fact, of what education should be; indeed, it is a libel on the term to apply it to the system too often pursued. All, or nearly all, that is really useful and practical is sacrificed to the so-called accomplishments. We cannot help regarding the young ladies who have the privilege, or misfortune, to be brought up in such schools, as playing a very similar part to the dummies used by our fashionable tradesmen to display their showy and often meretricious wares to the public gaze. Each pupil is, in fact, a walking advertisement of the varied accomplish-

ments taught in the school. As may be supposed, in boys' schools the influence of fashion is not so great; at the same time, we cannot but regard the system of education generally pursued as sadly straightened by the exigencies of our modern social existence. Boys are educated so exclusively with a view to their special career in life, that the true scope and aim of education, in its highest sense, is gradually lost sight of. We may have more practical men, but shall assuredly have fewer scholars. The present system of competitive examination has, of course, exercised a marked influence on the mode of teaching, nor can we regard such influence as altogether salutary. If, on the one hand, it has stimulated the energies, and given a definite aim and object to the system of teaching, it has, we fear, narrowed and dwarfed the fair proportions of a liberal education. At the same time, we are aware that the question is beset with difficulties of no ordinary kind, which we have no space to discuss here, we are therefore willing to take the good with the evil. The veriest system of cram cannot in the end fail to impart some kind of information, however fragmentary and disjointed; and parents may rest assured that, in the better class of our so-called commercial and collegiate schools, their sons will be efficiently educated for business pursuits, or even the learned professions—preparatory to a higher academic or university career. We wish we could say as much for female education in general, for surely it will not be denied that woman has her special duties to fulfil, as well as man, and that her education should aim at fitting her for something higher than an existence of idleness and ease. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and we are aware of numerous cases in which the mistresses of ladies' schools set a most praiseworthy example, and one which we should be glad to see universally followed, by striving, perhaps even against their own interests, to raise the standard of

female education. May all success attend their efforts; and let all who have any stake in the issue lend them their heartiest support and assistance. For, in truth, it cannot be denied that the tendency of the present system, in its worst form, is to send forth into the world the future wives and mothers of England, ignorant, not only of the literature of their native land, of history, geography, and rudimentary science,* but unable to keep the accounts of an ordinary household, incapable of expressing themselves with fluency or accuracy, if called on to write the simplest letter; ignorant, in fact, of grammar, orthography, and arithmetic, though perhaps skilful performers on the pianoforte, and graceful partners in a contre-dance or waltz. Nor can we hold the mistresses as altogether to blame for such a result. It is the system which is in fault, and no one who is acquainted with its working, and knows the time which is devoted in ladies' schools to instrumental music alone, not to speak of singing, drawing, painting, French, German, Italian, dancing, and deportment, but must marvel how any time can be found for studies of a more solid and practical kind. In the more glaring cases of neglect, where all has been sacrificed to that which is showy and superficial, we may indeed feel disposed to reprobate the dishonesty of a mistress who has selfishly sought to advance her own interests by speculating on the effect likely to be produced by showy and evanescent accomplishments; still ought our severest censure to fall on the fashionable folly that has fostered such a system of education. Before pursuing this theme further, however, lest we should be thought to decry accomplishments altogether, we would strenuously protest that nothing is further from our intention.

Grace and beauty are woman's

* No doubt such subjects frequently figure at great length in a prospectus, but the pupils, finding that little account is made of them in the actual working of the school, soon neglect them for more attractive studies.

inalienable dowry, and whatever may tend to enhance and develop her natural gifts must ever form an essential part of female education. Nor would we countenance any mode of instruction which would rob her of a single charm or feminine grace. We have no wish to see the fair daughters of England become mere domestic drudges. But surely the attractions of female society would be in no way impaired, while woman's sphere of usefulness would be greatly extended by a more judicious combination of the useful with the ornamental. Again, we would protest against the indiscriminate manner in which the accomplishments are taught, seeming to warrant the assumption that all women are equally gifted or at all events endowed with similar tastes and capacities. Can anything be more absurd and unreasonable? The duty of a teacher should be to discriminate between the different talents of her pupils, and having ascertained the particular taste and bias of each, her aim should be to foster and develop it to the best of her ability. This would be education in the true sense of the term. Of course we are aware that it would be difficult and almost impossible to carry out such a system to its fullest extent. A certain amount of routine must always exist in schools, but we should like to see its limits prescribed by some higher authority than that which seeks to assimilate all to an arbitrary standard, set up by fashion and caprice. The teacher has no discretionary power whatever vouchsafed her in the matter, and her young charges go forth into life, clad, so to speak, in a uniform of similar graces and accomplishments—mere fashionable units, resembling each other in all points.

Another very serious question arises. May not, and in many cases do not these very accomplishments, to which so much is sacrificed, defeat their own aim and object? Young ladies are educated as though life were intended to be,

if not an unceasing round of gaiety and amusement, at least a time of luxury and ease. To nine-tenths of those brought up in our ordinary private schools life will be nothing of the kind. Their heads are too often filled by frivolous, high-flown notions, above their real station in life, and the disenchantment, when it arrives, will be all the more bitter when they come to realise the fact that the possession of these accomplishments has tended to mar rather than to make their position in life. Surely many of the difficulties, supposed or real, which are said to stand in the way of early marriages—a social question of no small interest and importance—may be traced to the present system of female education. The brilliant performer of a difficult sonata, the graceful partner in a mazourka or schottische, is not necessarily best fitted for a partner in life. A man will hesitate in his choice of the fair possessor of these very gifts, lest they should engender a taste for luxury and display above his means, if he cannot at the same time feel sure they are combined with those more useful and lasting attainments which shall fit her to become the wife of one whose career in life still lies open before him.

Let us, then, while we give free scope to the exercise of graceful and feminine accomplishments, strenuously insist that woman be educated to feel that she is something more than a mere butterfly, destined to flutter through a summer day's existence. Let her be educated to feel the responsibility of life; let her be fitted for its labours, its duties and its trials.

— We have thus endeavoured to point out what we believe to be some of the faults of our present system of education; we will now proceed to consider an evil arising from another source, traceable, however, no doubt, in its origin, to a certain extent, to the errors of that very system. We refer to the false position occupied by the instructors of youth in modern society—a system of education, which, from

its showy and superficial character, holds forth a bait to the unscrupulous and designing, tempting them to enter an arena in which fortune seems to be the reward of tact, artifice, and cunning, rather than of downright honest labour. The mere adventurer, who has practised half-a-dozen different callings unsuccessfully, falls back on the scholastic profession as a "*pisaller*," and we too often find the more painstaking and conscientious eclipsed by the charlatan who, speculating on human vanity and love of display, dazzles the world by a showy exterior. The profession has thus been degraded, and the public, with a too common want of discrimination, classes all alike, and visits the sins of the unworthy on the heads of those who may be in all respects fitted for their calling.

That the scholastic profession does number among its members many persons whose character, attainments, and liberal and enlightened views entitle them to take a high position in the very best society, we are prepared to testify, and they would be the very first to bear us out in our assertion, while deploring the fact, that it also contains very many in its ranks wholly unworthy to fill the high office of instructors of youth. How this evil is to be dealt with and remedied involves questions far too extended for us to discuss within the limits of this article. The better class of principals should take the matter in hand themselves. They should combine for their own protection and well-being, and seek to erect some universally recognised standard of character, scholarship, and ability; in a word, place the teacher of youth on a level with the members of the other liberal professions, a position to which he is eminently entitled, if he be an effective and conscientious labourer in this most arduous and laborious calling. What profession is more responsible than this? and are we not guilty of a fatal error in not according all possible honour and

respect to those whom we entrust with the education of our children—the very founders and architects of the social fabric? Parents should co-operate with the principals themselves in effecting so desirable a consummation. They cannot fail to be in every way the gainers, for, although their influence might be diminished, in so far as it is at present prejudicially exercised, yet the principal occupying a more independent position, could take a higher stand and successfully resist any influences for evil brought to bear by fashion and prejudice on modern education. Parents should also be more particular to inquire into the character and attainments of those to whom they entrust their children. They are too indiscriminate in their choice of schools, too readily entrapped by specious advertisements, high-sounding but empty titles, and a showy exterior. We may, however, naturally expect them to inquire by what test they are to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. They will say,—how are we to recognise the thoroughly efficient teacher when we meet with him? A fair question, we must allow, yet one more easily put than answered. Herein lies the whole gist of the question. We have but to find a satisfactory reply to place the scholastic profession on a very different footing from that which it at present occupies. Could we, as we before remarked, set up any reliable standard or test whereby to judge of the capacity, ability, and general fitness for their calling of its different members, the whole difficulty would be solved. The threshing floor of scholastic labour would very quickly be purged of its chaff, all that is spurious and unworthy would be eliminated and cast forth, and the status of the profession immeasurably elevated and improved. Surely the difficulties in the way of so desirable a consummation cannot be insuperable. Let those who are interested in the matter and competent to deal with the question at once

combine to organise some definite plan of operations, and by pursuing an honest straightforward course, we see no reason why they should not carry it to a successful issue. It may, however, be urged that existing university degrees are a test of scholarship; and no doubt one reason why clergymen are so much sought after as teachers of youth is, that their university career and sacred calling, to some extent, supply the required test or guarantee of their attainments and morality. We say, to some extent, and we do so advisedly, as we see no valid reason why ordained clergymen should be better fitted to become instructors of the young than laymen. Nay, in some points they are perhaps even less suitable; at any rate, no one will deny that this is not the true end and aim of their sacred calling. Their sphere of action, if they be really zealous to fulfil the high duties of their sacred calling, evidently lies beyond the precincts of the schoolroom and playground. Again, must we protest against the assumption that scholarly attainments, however high, even when bearing the stamp and seal of a university degree, are any proof of that capacity for imparting information to others which is indispensable to the true teacher. The old rule of "*Nascitur non fit*" applies here as in every other case. The teacher must be born to his vocation, and no one should undertake the arduous duties of instructor of youth until he has satisfied himself, by previous apprenticeship, that he really does possess the necessary qualifications. The power of imparting knowledge, of making clear to others the idea that is in one's own mind, is a special gift. Among the qualifications that go to make the teacher are unbounded patience, diligence, perseverance, and good temper, and that which we regard as essential, the power of reading character. He should, moreover, possess a high sense of

justice, and ever be ready to take upon himself the trouble of discriminating between conflicting evidence, never passing a hasty or careless judgment, nor, above all, displaying anything like favouritism. As we before remarked, he should study the intellectual endowments of the pupils committed to his charge, and endeavour to foster and develop any special talents; and what is of more importance still, he should ever strive by example as well as precept to cultivate a high moral tone, a candid and gentlemanly bearing—a sense of honour, love of truth, and contempt for whatever is base, mean, and underhand. A really zealous and devoted teacher cannot fail in the end to secure the respect and affection of the great majority of his pupils; and in the schoolroom, as elsewhere throughout this universe, the rule of love is infinitely more powerful and salutary than that of fear.

Unfortunately, this most arduous is yet one of the most thankless of callings. Unceasingly labouring for the welfare of others, the teacher meanwhile does nothing for himself, and, after a life spent in an unbroken round of cares and duties, his grey hairs find him just where he was at the outset of his career, perhaps even worse off. Fame and honour are not for him; the most he can hope for, the sole aim and object of his laborious career, is the laying by a competence for his old age, nor is he always successful in achieving even this. Most wretched and unsatisfactory consummation! What incentive does this hold forth to an enterprising and ambitious spirit? What appeal does it make to man's nobler intellectual and moral nature? Surely one whose calling, as we have shown, demands talents and endowments of so high a character, has a right to look forward to some worthier object of ambition as the goal of his career.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA :

A TALE OF LOVE, WAR, AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

KAISA'S STORY CONCLUDED.

FINDING his end rapidly approaching, the Baron called his son Adolphus to his bed-side, and charged him with earnestness, as he would value the blessing and avoid the curse of a dying man, not to attempt to defraud his brother of any part of his inheritance.

Adolphus, deeply impressed with the solemnity of his father's injunctions, seriously undertook to observe strictly his intentions in all things.

Shortly after, the Baron having received absolution from the monk, with a firm reliance on his son's promise, slept with his fathers. The funeral of the deceased took place soon after, and Adolphus of Hurlzbad, clad in full panoply of woe, attended as chief mourner, acted with every appearance of profound sorrow, and, in reality, was much affected. After the last office which man can render to man had been performed, the members of the household retired to the library, to hear Schlangenheim expound the last wishes of the respected noble. To the amazement of all, even of Adolphus himself, the money and personal estate of the deceased, with a very slight reservation in favour of Konrad, was bequeathed to the younger son. The estates, also, which had always been considered as the indefeasible birthright of the heir, were devised to Adolphus,—an exception being made of one mansion, with the lands belonging, which had been used by the deceased as a hunting-lodge. This alone was left to Konrad; the reason for such unexpected conduct being mentioned in the will to be the anger of the parent at Konrad's contem-

plated marriage without his sanction. The confessor, who was present at the execution, though not at the preparation of the will, protested that the deceased was decidedly favourable to his son's marriage with the beautiful English girl. He also stated that, as far as he could judge from the Baron's communications to him, it had ever been his intention that his elder son should come into possession of the whole of his patrimony, and should also participate with Adolphus in his personal property, since he observed that Adolphus had wasted the amount of his share in the father's lifetime. Although the looks of the auditors showed their concurrence in the priest's opinions, none spoke; and Schlangenheim, having completed his task, deferred breaking his schemes to Adolphus until a more convenient opportunity. Father Heinrich, finding Adolphus lost in thought, with great benevolence approached him; and, hoping to prevail upon him to do justice to his brother, said:

"You may be aware that, at the time of your father's death, he could never have intended you to become entitled to the whole of his property. It is certainly so expressed in his will; but such circumstance must either be the result of mistake, or, I am unwilling to suggest, intentional fraud. Your father could never have been annoyed with your brother's intended marriage, since it was only a few weeks ago I communicated to Konrad his decided approval of it. Had it been otherwise, your brother has acted dutifully in asking my lord's consent; and a good father would never have disinherited his

son on so slight a ground as his forming an attachment to which the parent was averse."

Adolphus, who remembered the promise made to his dying father, answered with warmth:

"Faults I have, holy father: they are neither few nor slight. But I will not add to them the sins of perjury and fraud. If it can be proved that my father really meant my brother to succeed to his property, his intentions shall be strictly carried out. But, so soon after my poor father's funeral I am almost inclined to consider any allusion to the subject indelicate."

Trusting to the young man's promise, Father Heinrich left him. Unfortunately, however, for Adolphus, the next counsellor he met was of a very different character; for, some time afterwards, Schlungenheim called upon the young Hurlzbad, but found him fixed in his resolution to do right to his brother. The lawyer was a man of tact as well as of knowledge; and he felt that to insist upon the subject in Adolphus's then turn of mind would be to defeat his own ends; for he well knew the perversity of the young man's disposition. He therefore blandly suggested that it would be a piece of romantic folly in him to deny himself the bounty conferred upon him by the father. With an appearance of respect for Adolphus's integrity, Schlungenheim again quitted him, rejoicing in the idea that the flimsy show of rectitude preserved by his victim must either be subdued by his own natural depravity, or yield to extreme temptation. In the former view of the case he was not far from right, for about a month after the death of the Baron of Hurlzbad loud shouts of revelry were heard in the castle of the late Baron. Adolphus was not so scrupulous with regard to his companions as to his fraternal duty. Unmindful of the decency required by the death of his father, all money to which he considered himself rightfully entitled was devoted to prodigality and dissipation; and as

long as it lasted, Adolphus had no lack of friends, or, as he might think, happiness.

At length, the drafts he was making on the late wealth of his father worked a great decrease of the original substance.

The small end of the wedge had been inserted into Adolphus's good resolution, and Schlungenheim's suggestions appeared more and more justifiable to his perverted mind. He saw that in pursuing retrenchment, and acting as a reformed character, the ridicule of his companions would be turned against him. Addison says, "the woman that deliberates is lost:" well would it be if woman were the only creature lost by deliberation! Like most weak minds, Adolphus was proof against argument, but not against ridicule; and the next wrong step taken was to apply to Schlungenheim, instead of Father Heinrich, for advice. The lawyer's counsel was like that of the lying prophets. He congratulated his dupe on his getting the better of his idle fancies, and offered to place in his hands all the money of the old Baron he then held, except the pittance which his prudence had reserved for Konrad. "If every man has his price," this bait was too tempting for Adolphus,—he accepted the money. Whatever justification his conduct might have had, from his having received no actual notice of Schlungenheim's fraud, this miserable excuse was soon withdrawn. Finding the young man too much involved in difficulties to act with liberality towards him, the unprincipled counsellor, whose cupidity was equal to his treachery, made a claim for reward. An angry demand of the reason on which he rested his claim produced a full explanation of the scheme practised. Leonora Concini was not far wrong in making an involuntary comparison between magic and the influence obtainable by a strong mind over a weaker. This fearful spell Schlungenheim used with dexterity; and such a charm did he throw over his behaviour, that the giddy

Adolphus was ensnared. Instead of rejecting the gold with disgust, his weaker nature conquered: one share was bestowed on the evil counsellor, and the other provided means for Adolphus to continue his bacchanalian orgies. Riches—the *irritamenta malorum*—had thus an easy conquest over the good intentions of young Hurlzbad. Conscience being thus overcome, was less loud in its remonstrances in future: and had it not been for the integrity, or perchance the worldly wisdom, of the parties to whom the misguided young man tried to sell or pledge his estates, it is most probable that but little would have remained to him of his illgotten wealth. So much, indeed, did the love of money increase with its possession, that it was only at the instance of the crafty Schlangenheim that the small share bequeathed to Konrad was spared. The lawyer knew the unsuspecting nature of the soldier, and trusted, by an appearance of justice towards him, to avert any lingering doubts he might have touching the *bonâ fides* of the will. In this manner the young man still continued in his licentiousness, without any feeling of remorse, thinking himself secure from interruption and punishment, except in consequence of any betrayal by his guilty accomplice, whose silence he thought he had abundantly secured.

His career of vice was, through the diminution of his finances, approaching its end, when the news reached him that his brother's arrival might be shortly expected. The announcement came like a thunderbolt on the guilty young man, and he looked around to his former friends to comfort and advise him; but they, congratulating themselves on having so long feasted on his bounty, deserted him. Schlangenheim alone, who considered himself free from detection, animated him to hope that he might escape with impunity. Even their fellows regard the wicked with suspicion; and Adolphus feared lest, having proved himself faithless in one instance, the faithless

friend should betray him into the hands of his injured brother.

Meanwhile, Konrad followed the valiant King of England in all his engagements with the enemy, cheered in each combat by the thoughts of Edith Mowbray, who stedfastly rejected the proposals made her by warriors with long weapons and longer pedigrees,—Norman, German, Englishmen, Celt, and Frank,—who all boasted to be the accepted of the Island belle.

One day, whilst lazily reclining in his tent, and indulging in those meditations for which the sultry climate of the East is so favourable, he was aroused from his musings by a messenger. The latter was one of the order employed in bringing letters from those who could write, and messages from those who could not, to the crusaders. The primitive postman held in his hand a letter, which he gave to the young soldier, who, recognising the impression of his father's seal, was soon devouring its contents. It was the last one indited by the Baron of Hurlzbad, in which was contained his sanction to his son's marriage.

At length the crusaders became sensible that want of money and want of men would prevent the further execution of their schemes; and Richard of England, deserted by his brother monarch of France, and greatly crippled in his finances, prepared to return.

Occupied with other affairs, however, the gracious King did not neglect to assist Konrad in prevailing upon the timid Edith to fix a day for their nuptials. Richard had the satisfaction of witnessing the union of his young protégé to the daughter of his old friend; and, in fact, gave away the bride. A handsome wedding present was bestowed upon the blooming Edith by the generous King; and the bountiful Queen Berengaria testified her approbation of the bridegroom whom her fair waiting-maid had chosen by such an offering as was worthy of her rank and munificence.

For the space of a week nothing

occurred to mar the happiness of the young couple. But no pleasure is without alloy; and, at the expiration of that time, Konrad received the sad news of his father's death. His grief was long and heavy; and the gentle and affectionate Edith, unable to dispel, could only share his sorrow. An opportunity presenting itself, by the return of the Count de Liebert, Konrad wrote to Adolphus to prepare him for his arrival. A short time sufficed for his retainers to get themselves ready for their joyful return; and amidst the good wishes of all, the gallant German and his weeping English bride started for the native country of the former.

On Konrad's arrival at Trieste he was met by a messenger, who delivered him a letter from Schlangenheim, informing him of the contents of his father's will. Misfortunes are greatly reduced by the timely condolence and counsel of one dear to us; and so earnestly did Edith impress upon her husband her unalterable affection for him, in riches or poverty, that he ceased to trouble himself much on the subject, and resolved to be guided by her advice, and settle in his new abode, before making any minute inquiries concerning the disposition of his father's affairs.

Very different were the feelings with which the vassals regarded their return to their families: to them all was happiness; they pictured to themselves the bliss of again beholding those dear to them. It being but little out of his route, Konrad agreed to accompany them to the castle of Hurlzbad, intending to call upon his brother at the same time. After a journey of no very long duration, the castle came in sight, and bitter emotions crossed the mind of the young Baron when he beheld the venerable structure. "There," said he, showing it to Edith, "is the abode of my late father; and there it is that my brother Adolphus now dwells. What induced my beloved parent to deprive me of it, I know not."

"Surely some deception must have been practised in favour of

your brother," put in the musical voice of Edith. "Your good father would never have disinherited you without a cause."

"Nay, I cannot suspect Adolphus of such baseness. Certainly, he has not always acted the part of an affectionate brother; but I do not believe him capable of such an act," replied Konrad.

"Such conduct would be far from brotherly," remarked Edith.

On their arrival at the castle, however, no preparations were made for their reception, and Konrad was compelled to send a man-at-arms to demand admittance for himself and train. The porter, a surly, obstinate man, who had obtained that post since the old lord's death, refused them admittance, stating that his lord was from home, and that, during his absence, he had strict orders to admit no one. Konrad now rode forward, and explained to the janitor the relationship he bore to his lord and master, and, moreover, that he had just returned from fighting in defence of the holy Cross; but all arguments were in vain.

It was with a dejected and sorrowful air that the young crusader departed from his father's castle with his bride, taking but one attendant, who, having no near relations living, declined to leave him. Edith made no remark, but her expressive eye betokened great disappointment.

"This is but a sorry greeting," remarked her husband, "to one whose countrymen have behaved so generously to me in distant lands. But I hope my Edith does not consider all Germans such as my misguided brother Adolphus."

"Nay," answered she, "in Germany I see in part the home of my ancestors, and I am unwilling to judge all by so unfavourable a specimen as your brother. Of one, at least, I thought better, or I should not now be on German soil."

"Thanks for the kind compliment!" said the affectionate husband. "At least, I can offer you a roof for shelter; but, I fear me, can promise but little else. Take

the will for the deed; and believe me, that I consider the finest halls in Germany unworthy of you."

A smile, such as that which had first captivated the young soldier, rewarded him for this last tender speech.

They were soon in sight of Strattenstein, the Baron's only domain, which although less handsome and spacious than the family castle, was in no way to be despised. It was in good repair, and generally commodious; and its situation commanded an excellent view of the surrounding beautiful scenery. The grounds attached were small, but fertile; and there were many little woods, composed of elegant larch-trees, amongst which game of all sorts abounded.

To Konrad's great joy, he found the furniture, which had belonged to his father, still remained; and it was very satisfactory to him to hear Edith's expressions of contentment that their wanderings were brought to a close. Some few domestics were in occupation of the mansion, and took every means to secure the comfort of their gentle mistress.

One of the new comer's first acts, after making all necessary arrangements for the convenience of his small household, was to call upon his numerous friends. His, unlike those of Adolphus, forsook him not when fortune ceased to favour him. Adversity, among other advantages, is a sure test of friendship; and it was gratifying to Konrad to receive a cordial welcome from his former acquaintances. One of his earliest and dearest friends was a young man named Friedrich Thiebald, the orphan son of a wealthy farmer, who, by the kindness of a relative, the abbot of an adjacent monastery, was permitted to enter the establishment as a student of the law, for which he displayed a great aptness. Friedrich was then at home; and Arthur, on reaching his house, found him seated under a lime-tree, busily engaged in the study of that newly-discovered treasure of the civilians, *Justinian's Pandects*.

A warm greeting awaited him, after which Thiebald inquired how long his friend had returned from the wars, observing that he had made almost daily inquiries for him of the porter of Hurlzbad, but was not aware that his arrival had taken place.

"I am not an inmate of Hurlzbad," said the young Baron. "I demanded admittance, but it was denied me."

"How so, Konrad?" said Thiebald. "Have you had any rupture with your brother, that he should treat you in so inhospitable a manner?"

"My dear Thiebald! have you lived in such seclusion as to be unaware of the disposition my father made of his property? Do you not know that, with the exception of the mansion of Strattenstein, in which I now reside, and a small sum of money, my brother Adolphus succeeded to the whole of his possessions?"

Thiebald somewhat reddened as he answered: "I must apologise for my ignorance; but my attention being engaged on other things, I have paid little heed to the gossip of the day. You do not say that your father deprived you of your patrimony?"

"Such, I regret to say, is the case. I was about to visit Schlangenheim, my father's adviser, to learn the circumstances, and obtain, if possible, an inspection of the instrument. I shall be glad of your society, if you can spare the time from your studies, and it may convince the lawyer that we are not altogether so ignorant as to believe whatever he may think proper to tell us."

Thiebald's visage darkened as he heard the name of Schlangenheim mentioned; and he answered, in a tone of no great respect for that worthy, "I doubt not the whole affair is a fabrication; but I will be with you anon."

So saying, Friedrich Thiebald placed his book on a well-stored shelf, which contained numerous illuminated manuscripts of the ancient civil as well of the canon

law, together with some few works on the jurisprudence of the German empire; and having donned his walking gear, prepared to accompany his friend.

On their way, Konrad duly informed the young civilian of every circumstance he knew touching his father's will, when Herr Thiebald entered into a long argument concerning the right of parties to dispose of their land by will. He treated of all the works on the subject then in existence, and dwelling with some minuteness on fees being of an inalienable nature, at length quoted Tacitus and others to prove that any attempt to dispose of land by will must be of no effect. We will not follow him in all his reasonings, but we will inform the reader that his arguments enlightened his hearer almost as much as a long treatise on the statute "*de donis*" would the unprofessional reader. Seeing Konrad did not fully comprehend his learned dissertation, he deferred the remainder of the subject until after a perusal of the document in question.

The lawyer being at home, they were ushered into his business apartment, where they found him surrounded with parchments, busily engaged. He turned somewhat pale on beholding Konrad, and his confusion was in no manner diminished on recognising Thiebald. Schlungenheim, however, was a man of the world, and he very soon assumed an appearance of great indifference, and begged to know in what particulars he could serve the son of his good patron the Baron of Hurlzbad.

Konrad being averse to breaking the object of his visit, Thiebald commenced: "At the request of the present Baron, I have called to know if you have any objection to the production of his father's will, which, it appears is in favour of my lord Adolphus."

Schlungenheim fixed a penetrating glance upon the young advocate, and another on the silent noble; but being unable to read aught of their thoughts, he answered in a courteous tone:

"By all means. My lord will see the good Baron has taken an adverse view of his behaviour. My endeavours to obtain justice were disregarded, and the will which I now produce was the consequence."

He then tendered the will, which he had abstracted from one of his iron chests, to Thiebald, who, with the avidity of a complete bookworm, dived deep into its mysteries. A slight smile of contempt played upon his countenance as he returned it to its custodian, who, thinking the danger past, said in a derisive tone: "Master Thiebald finds everything regular, does he not? The matter had my best attention. I have not even yet ceased to regret the Baron's harshness towards my lord; but, I assure you, I took every means to prevent it. I derived no benefit from the transaction, as you may see." Here Thiebald's eye fell upon a new chest, apparently a treasure coffer, which adorned the chamber, and an expression of unbelief marked his open countenance.

"So far as the handwriting of the deceased goes, all appears right. But are you not aware, Master Schlungenheim, of the inability of making real property the subject of a testament? If the Baron of Hurlzbad takes my advice, he will at once put aside the will, enter upon the property, and evict its present occupant."

At the time of concocting the instrument, its fabricator little dreamt of its falling into the hands of Thiebald, whom he believed to be then completing his legal education at Vienna. But so far as legal diction could justify an illegal act, Schlungenheim's document was not defective.

"I duly explained that fact to the Baron," said he, in answer to Thiebald. "But we both agreed that, from the force of the language employed, there could be no doubt of the validity of the devise."

Thiebald was about to deny that construction, when he was interrupted by Konrad, who intimated that if his father meant to benefit his brother, no obstacle to his wishes would be interposed by him.

Schlangenheim and Thiebald both stared with astonishment on hearing this generous resolution. The former, being of a selfish nature, believed any self-denial and forbearance impossible; the latter thought his friend must have lost his reason, to behave with such romantic honour towards an ungrateful brother.

To the guilty Schlangenheim's great relief, Konrad then informed him that, his interview having had a satisfactory termination, he would not further trespass on his time. Thiebald manifested a great inclination to bestow upon his brother lawyer his candid opinion of his conduct, but was again checked by his friend.

Thiebald's mind, unlike that of Schlangenheim's, could respect, although he would never have imitated, Konrad's disinterestedness. He could not, however, forego the latter part of his discourse; and he forthwith delivered to the young noble a further exposition of the respective rights of himself and brother. It appeared, Hudibras's maxim--

"A man may be the legal doner
Of everything whereof he's owner,"

did not then hold good with regard to wills; and the eloquent Thiebald demonstrated, as plain as any pike-staff, that, even allowing the will to be obtained in a justifiable manner, it must fail, from the inability of the ancestor to disinherit his heir by will. Konrad, however, was obdurate; and the young civilian, appreciating the delicacy of his motives, with some slight reluctance abandoned a subject of so much interest to him. Arrived at Thiebald's residence, the friends parted; and Konrad returned to Strattenstein, with no compunctions of conscience on account of the step he had taken. Edith, also, was too honourable and disinterested to reproach him for his generosity, and for some time their happiness exceeded their means.

Honesty, is, after all, the best policy, as well as the best principle; and Konrad found himself, in the sequel, little the worse for his

extreme liberality towards his brother.

Adolphus was weak-minded, and unable to resist temptation; but he was not altogether lost to every good feeling. Man frequently deviates from the path of rectitude, but he cannot entirely efface the image of the Creator from his breast. Since Schlangenheim (having received his reward) had ceased to be so constantly in Adolphus's company, the latter had many misgivings as to the propriety of his retaining further possession of the wreck of his father's property. That "conscience which makes cowards of us all," had brought him to a more correct sense of his misconduct. Actuated by remorse, he resolved to throw himself upon his brother's mercy, and endeavour, in some measure, to retrieve his error by a frank acknowledgement of his fault.

It was a winter evening, when Konrad's small household, now augmented by the birth of a blue-eyed daughter, the image of her mother, was gathered before the blazing fire in the largest room in Strattenstein, when a domestic announced the approach of a stranger. No small consternation was occasioned at these tidings, for the arrivals of strangers, were "like angels' visits, few and far between." The visitor was of a commanding stature, rather inclined to be corpulent, and his eye wandered over the apartment, as if recognising remembrances and scenes painful to him. The light from the fire shining brightly on his haggard features, at length revealed to Konrad his brother Adolphus.

Whatever feelings of resentment the elder brother might have harboured, were quite dispelled by the piteous tone in which the prodigal exclaimed: "Konrad, my much-injured but generous brother, forgive me!"

A warm embrace conveyed to him his brother's forgiveness far better than any words could have expressed; and the repentant Adolphus wept bitter tears of shame and sorrow upon his brother's

shoulder. Konrad also shed tears but his were tears of joy and pity, as he heartily assured him that he bore him no ill-will. Edith also, on beholding a reconciliation for which she had long hoped, could not restrain her emotion.

"Nay, Konrad," said Adolphus, in a husky and feeble voice; "hear my sorrowful confession, and you will spurn so miserable a wretch from your bosom. I cannot, indeed, hope for pardon, after you have heard all; but I shall at least have done you, in part, tardy justice; after which the cold grave will be the only place of rest for the perjured son and the unworthy brother. 'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' shall I be screened from the reproaches which my black wickedness has deserved."

"My dear Adolphus," said his brother, "compose yourself; and let me offer you some slight refreshment, ere you begin—if begin you must—a tale of such terrible excitement to you."

"Call me not 'dear!' such a term becomes only the pure and the virtuous. Offer me nothing; I have deserved nothing; I am not worthy even of the air I breathe, or the light I behold!" said the wretched young man, fixing his lustrous orbs, with an expression of horrifying anguish, upon his brother. "Hear me!" said he, in a tone of frenzy; "and then let me feel a brother's, as well as a father's curse! The very stones cry out upon me, as it is for my perjury. Spare me! oh, spare me further torments!"

Having in some measure reduced his brother to calmness, Konrad heard, more in sorrow than anger, his confession. Edith was on the point of retiring; but she was stopped by Adolphus, who bade her, almost imperatively, listen to his humiliating disclosure.

If Adolphus's guilt was heavy, so was his confession full and his repentance sincere. He omitted nothing except Schlangenheim's part in the transaction, the whole of which he ascribed to himself. Every aggravating circumstance

he urged—his father's last injunction, and his gross treachery to his confiding brother. When he had completed his narration, Konrad assured him of his full pardon. So free a forgiveness affected the penitent more than the most violent reproaches, and he wept, until, exhausted by grief, he became calmer and more rational.

The gentle voice of Edith seemed music to his ears; and, at their earnest request, Adolphus became an inmate of the mansion that night.

Nothing, however, could satisfy Adolphus but an absolute resignation of all his estates and property to his brother. Being earnestly solicited to retain some portion for his own subsistence, he ultimately made choice of the property which had been the demense of Konrad during his own course of injustice. With this he endowed the monastery at which Herr Thiebald was studying, and, despite all entreaties to the contrary, entered himself as a brother of the order. All penances and mortifications which the flesh could endure were practised with the utmost severity, as a means of expiating his offence. Such was his piety and self-denial, that after the death of Thiebald's relation, he enjoyed for a long time the high office of abbot of the convent. On the death of Adolphus, he was greatly lamented by both rich and poor; and the pope, in honour of his devotion, canonised him by the name of St. Eugenius.

Konrad, restored to his possessions and honours, lived a long and useful life, and was, many years after his death, regarded almost as an idol by the peasantry, who held his benevolent lady in the estimation she deserved.

As for Schlangenheim, it was not so with him. Soon after the reformation of Adolphus, he was found dead in his apartment; his hands firmly clenched; his eyes started almost from their sockets; and every feature betokening extreme terror. Near him was the money-chest which held the fruits of his crime; the lid was quite

open, and it appeared his last act had been to count the gold. His death, probably, was the result of epilepsy; but Kaisa, whose stories always savoured of the marvellous, did not scruple to assert that the ghost of the Old Baron of Hurlzbad called to him to follow his path to the grave. Adolphus, as a further penance, read the impressive service of the church over the remains of his former accomplice.

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 “A very good story, Kaisa, and well told,” said the young man, much relieved to find that the old woman had at length brought her

prolix tale to an end. His supper had been long since finished, and he was glad of an opportunity of retiring to rest.

“Not so much good as true,” replied the narrator.

“Hurlzbad’s history, and all?” inquired the Count, who was by nature somewhat sceptical.

“Doubtless,” said the dame, “for I heard the story from a saintly churchman, and a monk is at least as good as a lawyer.”

“To the full.”—And good-humouredly chuckling over his harmless pleasantries, the kindly noble retired to rest.

CONTRAST.

THE sun is sparkling on the ocean’s wave,
 A ship’s brave crew beneath it find a grave.
 A lark is filling with its song the air,
 And human voices wail in deep despair.
 Sunbeams upon the mountain’s side gleam bright,
 The captive pineth for a ray of light.
 The rain upon the grass in cool drops lies,
 The Arab in the desert thirsts and dies.
 The cotter’s child is clasped unto her breast,
 The noble’s son is borne unto his rest.
 A joyous boy in gladness runneth by,
 An old man, wearied, lays him down to die.
 Bright halls are echoing with laughter’s tone,
 The ruin stands in silence and alone.
 On the soft air are borne the bridal bells,
 Within the minster walls a requiem swells.
 Angels with joy their sister spirit hail,
 Mourners around the tomb with anguish wail.
 In heaven is joy, and peace, and endless life,
 On earth is care, and grief, and bitter strife.

HARRIET POWER.

MOHAMMED AND HIS MISSION.

BY THOMAS SHEERAN, AUTHOR OF "DANTE AND MILTON."

NOTWITHSTANDING what bigotry, intolerance, or ignorance may say to the contrary, there must be something supremely great and wonderful in the composition of that man who, whether as poet, philosopher, statesman, or soldier, exercises, by the powers of his own individual mind and soul, a mysterious and almost incomprehensible influence over the lives, opinions, and actions of millions of his fellow-creatures. Such an influence as this has Mohammed, the presiding genius of Islamism, exercised for many centuries over the principal of the eastern nations; and it would be curious, if possible, to trace to the original spring the first cause which gave rise to that mighty empire of religion of which this obscurely born man has been the sole monarch. That Mohammed was not what we may call purely an impostor is almost certain; that he believed and was sincere in what he wrote and said, admits of almost as little doubt; for the simple reason that a man must be sincere in the cause which he advocates and espouses, however false and erroneous the doctrines of that cause may be, to provoke genuine sincerity in others. Probably some of our readers, on perusing this, will be inclined to say, "Then we are no longer to doubt that this man really believed that he worked miracles by Divine agency, and received a commission from the Angel Gabriel. To this we answer, No; a reason, if not an excuse, for those impostures used by Mohammed in establishing his creed appears almost upon the surface. Nations in a rude state are never convinced of anything, however genuine and truthful it may appear to be, unless it be presented to them accompanied by a miracle or supernatural marvel of some kind. To appeal to the higher intellectual faculties is useless; the

sense must be gratified. Jesus Christ did not introduce even Christianity without miracles. Mohammed well knew this, and therefore formed the resolution of making up by artifice what he wanted in real power to further the belief in his doctrines. We disclaim any intention of attributing anything like Divine inspiration or influence to this man, in any observations we may make upon his life, character, and works; an intense earnestness of purpose, and a fiery and grasping genius, is the utmost we can believe him to have been possessed of, although aware, at the same time, that the tolerating spirit of the nineteenth century would permit any observations which the greatest and boldest writers of a bygone age dare not make use of. Till within a comparatively recent period, the name of Mohammed has never been mentioned among the nations of Christendom without something very like, if not actually a curse; while any one who attempted to offer a word in favour of the originator of Islamism was branded as being one of his secret disciple. Sale, who translated the Koran some century and a half ago, attempted in this respect to go beyond the spirit of his age, and say a few words in favour of the better parts of the Eastern 'prophet,' but was quickly brought to a sense of what he had done by finding himself suspected of being an Islamite in disguise. In this more advanced age, however, anybody but a bishop is at liberty to deal out praise to Mohammed for the good actions of his life, or good doctrines expressed in his works, without being considered heterodox in his opinions; and there is no truer sign of the rapid advance we have made towards perfection than that general wish to make any allowance for circumstances, and take a truly liberal and unbiassed

view of the character, works, and genius, of any man who has raised himself to a high pinnacle of renown.

Nations advance towards perfection by stages, and are impelled forward from one stage to another by some one extraordinary mind, which seems to form itself out of the nobler and brighter parts of the combined natures and mental systems around it. Each one of the stages we speak of is generally marked by a wild popular excitement and uproar and tumult; the change is not altogether gradual, and is frequently sudden and violent, as the annals of Rome, France, and England can testify, not to mention those of innumerable other nations and governments; and out of that tumult of millions, when the passions rage at their highest, generally springs one mind, upon which one mind devolves the duty of extricating the mass from the entanglement caused by their own conflicting opinions. The greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, and the greatest statesmen whose influence the world has ever felt, have appeared at such times, not as the cause, but as the effect of the tumultuous revolution going on around. Were the passions and feelings of each man not to find a vent for themselves, the human race could no longer exist: Nature wisely compresses the whole, and relieves itself at one or two outlets, and through those the rivers of hope, tear, pain, and pleasure, rush, and finally meet and flow calmly and smoothly on. Every great revolution from the earliest time shows this; that gradual and unperceived change in the minds of the citizens of the Roman Republic, when, almost without knowing it, they began to look around for some one who would act like a monarch to them without actually being one, was followed by the appearance of Caesar, of whose wonderful career, and of the final and sudden change of a republic into an empire, we need hardly speak; and to come at once up to modern time,

out of the struggle for civil and religious liberty in our own country in the seventeenth century sprang Cromwell, and, later still, out of the terrible French revolution sprang Napoleon Bonaparte. Generally speaking, the deeper the consequences involved, the greater the spirit given to relieve those consequences.

It was in a revolution internally not unlike those we have mentioned, but which did not show itself at all so much externally, that Mohammed appeared. Christianity had preceded him by several centuries, but its doctrines had not yet fixed themselves among that portion of the Eastern nations, though a miserable and sickly abortion calling itself Christianity, but which had little in common with the doctrines of Jesus Christ, had settled, or attempted to settle, there. The Arabians and surrounding nations were idolaters, with a Christian sprinkled here and there among them; but feeble and wavering as was the light that broke over those countries after the dawning of Christianity, it was not altogether without effect, though it accidentally led to a final result very different from Christianity. There had been for some time an uncertain wavering and restlessness of opinions among several of the Eastern nations; and it became quickly apparent to a mind like Mohammed's, that the moral machinery and internal systems of the people around him were undergoing an undefinable, but certain revolution; or, in other words, a glance at the rising sun of Christianity had given them an indefinite longing for some kind of worship which would appeal to a higher order of faculties than those hitherto made use of. The mine for explosion was there, the apparatus ready; it needed but a penetrating mind and bold hand to kindle the torch that was to set the whole in a blaze, and a blaze that was not soon to be extinguished. The popular mind felt stirred by some mysterious agency from within, but knew not what caused it. *That* was reserved for

a higher mind to discover; nor was it long, as usual in such cases, that that mind was wanting.

The first efforts of the new supposed prophet were directed against the gross idolatry of his own countrymen, and in endeavouring to spread among them the belief in one only and invisible God, in furthering which belief he adopted not a few of the doctrines and principles of Christianity. It is worthy of notice that Mohammed never attempted to deny the truth or value of Christ's mission on earth; he professed, indeed, to believe Him a true prophet of God, and to consider himself as being divinely appointed to fill up what had been left vacant by the Founder of Christianity and His predecessors, and to set the final seal on the doctrines of the religion which was to be for evermore the guiding star of mankind.

Proceeding upon this, the iconoclast commenced his mission by denouncing the worship of idols as profane, and contrary to the spirit of true religion. The distinction and extirpation of their long familiar gods and deities was, at first, a rude shock to the established notions and prejudices of his countrymen, and he went for some time in danger of his life from the fanaticism of the ruder of these worshippers of stone; but his enthusiastic ardour and fiery zeal quickly spread about its effects, and fastened upon those minds which were already faintly illuminated by the dim rays of Christianity which had reached them, and were therefore prepared for the reception of any doctrines which promised to appeal to a higher order of faculties than those hitherto exercised. We have the testimony of Christian writers, — that not a few of those foul superstitions which are the sisters of idolatry owed their extinction to the all-potent magic of his name, and it would be absurd to deny that the changes which he then effected were not for the better, though he afterwards, when intoxicated by success, introduced several doctrines which had the

effect of darkening his name, and clouding the form of religion which he instituted with the intention of bettering his kind.

Islâm—a word which we are told signifies *resignation* or *submission* to the will of God—was the title which Mohammed adopted for his creed; and hence his followers were, and are, down to the present day, called Islamites. From the accounts of some of the miracles which he reported to his followers that he had performed, it must be directly evident that he had reckoned and worked upon the credulity of his countrymen as far as he possibly could. Some of them, however, were of such a gross and extravagant kind, that even the most credulous of those around him began to look doubtful in hearing the recital and description of them. But the founder of Islamism was not one of those men who are put down by trifles, and succumb to a little resistance; and far from being abashed by anything thrown in front by his enemies, he boldly stood forward, and recapitulated to the sceptics the wonders attending his mission; and his grave appearance, and earnest and forcible manner were not without their effects; thousands flocked to embrace the new doctrines, and only a few of the boldest of his enemies attempted to make head against the resistless flame which had arisen so quickly and mysteriously, and was now spread over the land. Finding himself surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude, Mohammed resolved to turn the best of them into soldiers, and extend, by the power of the sword, that religion of which he was the supposed prophet and sole leader.

How easily whole nations, when resting on one of those stages towards progress we have before spoken of, may sometimes be convulsed (though not bettered) by the opinions and principles of even a small and narrow mind, was never more remarkably illustrated than in the case of Peter the Hermit. It may seem almost beyond the bounds of belief, at first glance, that a

fanatical enthusiast, who had never shown a single sign of genius or merit of any kind, at any period of his life, but many signs of a weak and disordered intellect, should, by dressing extravagance in the garb of eloquence, stir up the greater part of Europe to war, make nations neglect the interests of their respective countries, and cover the seas with fleets, bearing armed men to distant and unknown climes. Yet such a man as this was Peter the Hermit; such a man as this kindled the flame of the great Crusade against the Saracens. The idea of the Crusade was good, far too good to have emanated from the mind of Peter the Hermit; he merely fanned into a blaze, the little flame which had been burning unseen, but not unfelt, in the bosom of millions who had never seen or heard of his name. The amount of his courage and abilities appeared very soon after: he led a wild rabble of men, women, and children, against the armies of a great and powerful nation, and, as might have been expected, they perished, after doing more harm than good to the cause which they had espoused. Their leader returned, and went out again with the flower of the chivalry of England and France; but when arrived at the seat of war, was more than once detected in the act of running away. The cause of the Crusade was therefore a fine one, the feelings which prompted it, equally fine; but the man who fired the train and caused the explosion was, individually, contemptible. Mohammed, however, was a totally different man; speaking individually, without regard to causes, he was far superior to Peter the Hermit,—he was a man of tried courage, and though he stooped to imposture, to carry out his designs, possessed of considerable powers of mind, for which better proof cannot be found than in the fact of his principles, opinions, and writings, having influenced the destinies of many nations, for many centuries.

It is not our intention in these remarks, to go into any of the doc-

trines of Islamism, far less to enumerate them, because to recount and explain even the principal of them would fill a volume of no inconsiderable size. We can only refer the reader who wishes to become acquainted with the principal features and pretensions of Islamism, to Sale's translation of the Korân, which, according to competent judges, is the most faithful one we have. From time to time, during the age succeeding the establishment of the Mohammedan religion among the Eastern nations, other pretended prophets and impostors of various kinds started up, no doubt tempted forth by the extraordinary success of the original adventurer in that line; but none of them succeeded in making a permanent impression, the Moslems adhering to the creed of Mohammed with a pertinacity which augured ill for the success of any "inspired being" who attempted to displace, by his revelations, the original establishment. Among the boldest of these innovators on the established faith, was one Hakem Ebn Hashem, generally called, among the Arabian writers, and better known to Europeans, by the name of Mokanna, or The Veiled, because he used to cover his face with a veil, or a gilded mask, to conceal his deformity, he having lost an eye in the wars, and being otherwise of a despicable appearance, though his followers pretended he wore it with the benevolent intention of preserving the eyes of the beholders from the splendour of his countenance. He made a great many proselytes, and deluded the people with several juggling performances, which they swallowed for miracles. This impious impostor, we are told, not content with being reputed a prophet, arrogated divine honours to himself, pretending that the Deity resided in his person. He collected a considerable army in Khorâsan, and occupied several fortified places, in defiance of the Khalîf, who at last sent an army against him, which surrounded the fortress into which he had retired with his concubines and immediate

followers. Finding himself unable to escape, he embraced the desperate resolution of destroying all those around him by poison, which he effected, and then, to prevent his own body being found, he threw himself into the flames, or, as some say, into a tub of aqua-fortis, or other preparation, which consumed nearly every part of him. The Poet Moore, in "*Lalla Rookh*," founds one of the most beautiful and powerful of his poems and Eastern tales on the subject, under the name of the "*Veiled Prophet of Khorâsan*."

It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not speak very well for the innate force and strength of the Mohammedan religion, that, from the time of its establishment, down to the present time, the nations professing it, no matter in what part of the world, have made little, if any, progress. They are at the present day in almost the same

state as their ancestors were in when they originally embraced it; and they therefore present, in this respect, a very striking contrast to the nations of Christendom, who improve everywhere, with every generation. The tides of many revolutions have swept over the countries where Islamism is professed, but its followers hold, with extraordinary tenacity, to their original faith, notwithstanding that something seems to perpetually clog and hamper them in their march, or attempted march, of progress; and they cannot but feel, that they "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." Luther, with a mighty effort, freed millions from the evils attendant upon the superstitions connected with the Church of Rome; but no Luther or Melancthan has yet appeared among the Mohammedans, to bid them shake off the grosser and more extravagant principles of their faith.

PARTING AND MEETING.

We parted—and the light of that sweet eye
 Faded, as daylight fades from out the sky,
 And dark was earth to me from that sad hour.
 Fallen were the leaves, and wither'd every flower.
 I heard thy farewell tone—thy last faint breath,
 And felt, with hush'd despair, that this was death!
 Thus we parted—'twas on Earth.

We met again—and in that gentle eye
 There shone the gleam of immortality;
 The sun that sets not bath'd thy form with light,
 And fadeless flowers were round thee, fair and bright;
 I heard thy voice in tones of love divine,
 And knew that now, for ever, life is thine!
 Thus we met—it was in Heaven

HARRIET POWER.

RECORDS OF WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

FEW countries on the face of the earth could boast of the chivalry so conspicuously displayed in ancient times as "Merrie England." From feudal times to the present day, albeit somewhat degenerated, the flower of England's nobility prided themselves, and with great reason, upon their valour, their endurance, and their devotion to the cause for which their banners were unfurled. From the belted knight to the abject, time-serving villain, the spirit of adventure shone forth with conspicuous grandeur, performing deeds of valour and prodigies of strength, vying with each other in manly and athletic pastime, contributing so advantageously to the development of physical capabilities, and rendering them at once the terror and admiration of surrounding nations.

Alas! those good old times have almost receded from the memory, when lordly gentlemen were permitted to cut the throat of a rival baron with impunity, and felt not the slightest compunction in decapitating any unhappy varlet who had given offence, intentional or implied. In those days was, however, observed one simple piece of economy; the services of such imposing gentlemen as Mr. John Ketch were dispensed with—each feudal lord keeping a headsman of his own as a necessary appendage to his household, who required no other warrant than his lord's command, to exercise his bloody functions without any remorse.

History furnishes many glorious and noble achievements performed and won by the right good prowess of knights of old—the grim old tyrants who boasted of their endowments on field and at the festive board—who quaffed their sack, malvosie, or Bordeaux with so keen a relish as to transfer them from men to beasts; whose gallantries were recounted with a boastful mirth and unction truly marvellous

to hear,—we say ancient history details this and more of a questionable nature, not to be alluded to by modern scribes, whose only duty now would appear to be the chronicling of "small beer" and invention of horrid tales of fiction.

Now, although we must admit that degeneracy in a given point of view has taken place, still we have among us Englishmen of this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-six, a race of men whose ambitious aspirations seem to have been passed over without the slightest notice, and whose deeds of daring and ingenuity deserve a better chronicler than the present writer. Nevertheless it were a pity to permit the present and succeeding generations to remain in ignorance of the wonderful achievements of our modern Knights of the White Cross, the exploits of whom may excite the wonder, and perhaps the admiration, of the world.

A mandate has gone forth that "man should live by the sweat of his brow." Now there are thousands who eschew that homely command, and prefer the more easy and agreeable method of living by their *wits*; and fertile and ingenious are the devices by which they gain their ends. To *labour* for one's subsistence has a plebeian sound,—it would convey the idea that such an individual was one of those hardy, horny-handed toilers seen daily carrying out to the very letter the maxim above noticed. Few we know the human mind has many phases—some are endowed with the ardent and honourable desire to be independent by their own industry,—others prefer to depend on their friends in a state of idle persistency—while many enlarge the sphere of their maintenance by preying upon society at large. Among the latter group we must class our Knights of the White Cross, nine-tenths of whom

luxuriate on the good things of this life at the cost of confiding individuals, credulous enough to administer to their wants and superfluities, with the remote and doubtful contingency—that the honesty and the honour of the recipient of their generous trusting will satisfy the demands made upon them for such supplies.

Alas, alas! these good-natured individuals are doomed to feel the most poignant disappointment of their sanguine temperament, and find that, instead of honour and honesty, they are repaid by chicanery of the most subtle description and unblushing effrontery.

Let it be observed that the archives of the fraternity of the Knights of the White Cross are carefully enrolled in a certain antique and grim-looking building, forming the college of the same name borne by those knights, in a locality close to the once famous fields of Finsbury. Our modern knights have dispensed with all the senseless display of banners and spurs so coveted of old—the march of intellect frowns upon those gaudy trappings of man and horse as were indispensable in the old-fashioned and fusty days of our forefathers—they would rather achieve notoriety or celebrity, as the case may be, by the exercise of their own intellectual powers; and prefer the retirement in an inexpensive abode and the hospitality doled out from the charity of the good citizens of London, to the more disagreeable alternative of working for their living.

We can but deplore this degeneracy, and endeavour to guard against the rapacity and ingenuity of our knights, who form a dangerous community, so organised and artful as to almost defy the ordinary caution of our commercial circle.

Perhaps many persons who may chance to read this chronicle may not have heard of this fraternity; perhaps they have innocently imagined that our knights are very ill-used individuals, who have gone forth with a mark upon their countenances indicative of their calling;

and they may be surprised to learn that those gallant men are so difficult of recognition, that they may, by possibility, be taken for honest fellows, labouring in a vocation at once honourable and lucrative.

Disagreeable as is the task of withdrawing a pleasing mask, we must nevertheless, in truth and justice, give a biographical description of some of the most prominent of those worthies whose deeds have rendered them conspicuous among men.

In carrying out such views we shall have occasion to hold a lance in rest against a tribe of professional locusts yeapt attorneys or solicitors, or whatever other titles they may assume, and hold them up to the castigation of all worthy and honest men.

First, it will be our duty to describe the Knightly Hall College, or “hotel” before-mentioned, viz., Whitecross Street Prison, which is situated in a street of the city, of the same name. The building itself has none of that gloomy appearance associated with the name of prison. Four high brick walls enclose an area of perhaps an acre of ground, within which are wards and dormitories so constructed as to give plenty of air, and two well-paved yards for exercise, the whole of which are most scrupulously clean. There is a chapel which, when the writer was an inmate, was presided over by a worthy, good, kind, but somewhat weak clergyman of the Established Church; an infirmary, with a somewhat pompous medical attendant, with the goodly income of £400 per annum, (a relation, of course, of a City functionary); and there is also a “strong room,” a kind of prison within a prison, for refractory characters. A huckster’s shop is also here, where you can buy anything, from a sirloin to a thimble, presided over by a genius supposed to have finished his education in this establishment for young spendthrift gentlemen, unfortunate individuals, and swindlers, the latter forming the great majority of the whole community.

This prison is presided over by a *Governor*, deputy-governor, and a whole host of functionaries, habited in a livery of blue, with a foraging cap.

The boasted march of intellect is here carried out to a ridiculous degree. In the "good old times," we were wont to hear the nomenclature of "head turnkey," as applied to the presiding genius of such-like places; but now the more refined appellation of *Governor* is substituted. The reason for this alteration may be attributed to the fact of military men having degraded themselves in the eyes of the army, by applying for, and being appointed to such situations. Upon what grounds a military man can show any aptitude for such a berth, seems to puzzle a great many intelligent persons. Now, we cannot discover the *why* such selections are made, although we read of colonels, majors, captains, but *no* lieutenants, as being *governors* of such and such prisons. Why should not their appellation at once declare the functions of their office? A spade continues to be called a spade! and, after all, those officers are but head turnkeys, and nothing more.

If such individuals are supposed to be better fitted than other men born and bred in this calling, we are silenced. If they are supposed to be more honest, to this we must demur, as the two following instances will sufficiently prove.

The City of London seems to have been singularly unfortunate in their selection of military heroes for their prisons. Everybody is aware that the criminal prison at Holloway is City property. Some five or six years ago, a certain captain was appointed to preside over this establishment, with a goodly salary, splendid house and grounds, and unlimited authority. For some time matters were carried on with regularity, and without complaint. Shortly, however, something very derogatory to the character of *this* gallant captain oozed out; an investigation took place

and one fine morning this petted hero was *non est*, when a deficiency in the accounts was discovered, and the City magnates opened their eyes with astonishment and awe. But the most singular part of this disgraceful transaction is, that the delinquent was permitted to depart unscathed and with impunity!

Another instance precisely similar to the above took place a short time ago at Whitecross Street, when it was found that another gallant captain had deserted his wife and family, levanting with an actress, and being a defaulter to some considerable amount. This worthy was permitted to resign, and escaped prosecution or censure! In this case we should be glad to be informed what were the qualifications of this individual? He *had* held a commission in the army—he had been the manager of an obscure country theatre,—and he had been a great many other things which it may not be convenient or prudent to describe. All those particulars were perfectly well known in the City; yet the extraordinary selection was made, and the result such as might have been expected.

Supposing those defalcations had taken place in the accounts of a subordinate—would he not have been prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, "as an example," as some of our City magnates would declare. So much for *military* governors!

We don't care what *soi-disant* philanthropists may say about imprisonment for debt. We care not how long or how loud they may cry about the cruelty, as they call it, of confining a man within four walls. They seem to forget that the human mind is continually seeking after change,—that monotony eventually wears itself out, and that *any* change, however questionable, may become a positive relief and a blessing.

How do we know that we *enjoy* our boasted liberty, if we have never experienced the curtailment thereof? We only talk of liberty as a boon to civilisation; a some-

thing to be valued and esteemed. What is the estimation of that commodity when our brother's interest or profit is in the scale. What care we for the liberty of another if he touches our pocket, and does not, or perhaps cannot, keep his commercial engagements? Is the liberty of such an one of the slightest consideration to us? Not a bit of it—we feel individually, we act individually, and that great bulwark of our constitution is at once ignored, and we consign the wretch to the tender mercies of the law, and eventually to a prison!

However, this trifle is not intended as a disquisition upon political economy; it is merely purposed to illustrate the fact that imprisonment for debt is, in nine cases out of ten, a comparative relief—an emancipation from an oppression emanating, not generally from creditors, but that insufferable bane of society—the attorney.

We may be singularly constituted, and our ideas *may* appear constrained, nay morbid—by many, ridiculous. Well, we cannot help that; all we know is, that thousands of our countrymen enjoy—yes, that is the word—a suspension of their liberty, and luxuriate in confinement! You may not believe this, but it is the truth nevertheless; and we are greatly mistaken if we do not convince the most sceptical that, hypothetically, our views are the correct ones. We may lack the ability to convey our meaning in language or style either elegant or dramatic; but we shall presently show that what is generally looked upon as a melancholy fact, will if properly handled, become the subject of stern reflection, and, perhaps, mingled with a little pleasantry.

We are not going into pathos about blighted hopes, unrequited generosity, and implicit faith betrayed: we rely only on stern reality and matter-of-fact. We are prepared to hear of broken hearts—of desolated hearths—of households scattered to the four winds of heaven, and the for-ever blasted hopes of the innocent and

suffering; for we have been witnesses of the most strenuous exertions, the most determined perseverance, and the actual privation from the common necessities of life, in the vain hope to avoid what is called the melancholy alternative of prison walls. We have known of cases of actual starvation, submitted to without a murmur, in the struggle with this pitiless world, so that the so-called liberty should should not be encroached upon; and some have even sought and found the suicide's grave, rather than submit to the *merciful* alternative of our boasted laws.

Now all this is very foolish and ridiculous—nay cowardly; for is not the law equally administered to the rich and poor? “Of course it is,” I hear some sucking elf of the legal fry exclaim: “*we*”—that is, the harpers of the law—“know all about *that*.” So that this worn out fallacy suffices to satisfy the mere drones in our hive. But ask any man who has been harassed by misfortunes over which he had no control, who has used superhuman exertions to weather the pecuniary storm, and he will tell you a very different tale; and pray remember that such a man has *truth* on his side, while the legal phalanx deal only in fiction. What are the consequences to an *honest* man so unhappily circumstanced? The wretched being is driven frantic by the incessant cormorantish claims made upon him for costs and charges, of such enormous amount, themselves alone, without the debt, that it is enough to dement the most stolid of minds. No longer able to withstand this persecution, he is at length carried off to prison.

It is at this epoch of his life, we shall endeavour to show, that comparative happiness and tranquillity commence. “What!” cries one, “can a man deprived of his liberty be happy?” Yes, gentle sir, or madam, he can be *comparatively* happy, and is so. You doubt it; we cannot help that; but we can tell you that many men have made up their minds to be hanged out-

right, therefore you need not doubt what is here asserted.

The sycophants and leeches of the law have done their worst; he *now* neither cares nor fears writs, judgments, executions, or extortions, and defies the malignity, the cruel mockery of justice and of law, and smiles at their impotent efforts to fleece and annoy him further. Is not this *comparative* happiness?

We must admit that the *first* appearance of any man of nervous temperament within the gates of a prison is anything but pleasant, altho' it *may* emancipate him from the fangs of grasping lawyers and rapacious sheriffs' officers; yet, when reflection assumes its proper influence, and a kind of degradation and shyness, which still holds some control over his feelings, wears off, he becomes reconciled to his situation. The more particularly so when the Knights of the White Cross cluster around him; it is then his courage revives, and he meets with "fraternity and equality," and abandons himself to the habits of his new hemisphere and, like Ajax defying thunder, *he* defies Fate and—his creditors.

But what of the *generous* creditor who has sanctioned this dilemma? His lawyer rubs his dirty hands with professional ardour, and communicates the pleasing intelligence that the debtor is "shopped;" and for this delightful information, six and eight-pence are carefully added to the enormous charges which *somebody* will eventually be called upon to pay.

It will tend greatly to elucidate our purpose to introduce the reader to one individual, the type of a class, whom we shall call Mr. Jonathan Moss; who at this particular time is making his first bow to the liveried officials at the gate of this knightly hall. These officials having carefully entered the professional claims, at the same time taking a kind of photograph of the individual, he is politely conducted to the apartments presided over by a gentlemanly functionary, Glass by name. The kind and gentle urbanity of this individual re-assures,

and dispels all the nervous feeling of this compulsory visitor, and with the greatest good humour welcomes the new-comer to his hospitable board; for be it known that very good accommodation is here provided for those who can afford to pay for it; and, in justice, we must add that every article is of the very best quality, and without stint in quantity.

We now behold the victim immolated at the shrine of rapacity. How quickly does he appreciate his emancipation from the judicial jackalls who have so long fattened upon his purse, having exhausted which, they desire now to emulate the cannibal, and devour his carcase also! Happily in this latter case they are disappointed, for here he has met encouragement from men of every grade, from the truly unfortunate to the consummate scoundrel; and it is marvellous to behold the transformation from the timid and nervous man, who has often nearly fainted at every knock at his own door, to the resolute, determined individual, braving every difficulty, reconciling himself to those very circumstances which, hitherto, had been the bane of his life; and now he beholds with great unconcern—the antidote!

He is now surrounded by his companions in this "hotel"—his troubles are soon told; calling forth commiseration from some,—sneers at his pusillanimity by others, while the *habitué* laughs aloud at the recital of all the privations struggles, and sufferings he has endured to avoid the ultimate, but inevitable results.

One inmate, an "officer and a gentleman" in a crack dragoon regiment, jocosely reproves all the abortive attempts he has made to avoid his present calamity; he laughably details his own experience in various and romantic schemes in which he has been the performer, that our friend, Jonathan Moss, looks upon his present situation with amiability, and responds to the general hilarity, in which he largely participates.

One "gent," with an elegant,

knowing smoking-cap, composed of rich Genoa velvet, with a heavy bullion tassel, pendant from the top—his other habiliments faultless in every particular of texture and fit—seems particularly desirous of becoming his cicerone in all the mysteries of the *hotel*, and has so won upon the regards of Mr. Moss, that he appears quite captivated by the sympathy, urbanity, and kindness, so freely and generously offered.

This new friend, whom we shall call Colonel (his true rank) Desperate, after a silence of a few minutes, inquired “if he,” Mr. Moss, “smoked?” No! well, that is unfortunate! But Mr. Moss must fall into the healthful and soothing habit; producing, at the same time, a richly ornamented cigar-case, and an equally rich tobacco pouch, “taken, by Jove, sir, from a Russian Major-general at Sebastopol;” and proffers one or both for the acceptance of his new friend. Overpowered by this kindness, a trial is essayed—remember, *his* first attempt at drawing consolation from the fragrant weed, and we need not say with what effect,—the symptoms produced, the rueful countenance, betraying the sufferings of the man, caused such a simultaneous burst of laughter, as vibrated through the whole edifice; which hilarity alone would show that prison walls are no hindrance to mirth and jollity.

As soon as this scene was changed and our friend encouraged, he broke forth into the pithy adage “that perseverance conquers all difficulties.” In his case it was clearly verified—for in a very short time he declared, “he really could not live without a smoke.” Thus, this habit was speedily acquired, and regarded—as a luxury.

Colonel Desperate, putting his arm through that of Mr. Moss, paraded the circumscribed limits of their new abode, and thus addressed his companion:—“We have only to look upon this room as a superior description of barrack—and I have inhabited much worse when in quarters—and, despite the dreams

of melancholy, look hopefully towards Basinghall Street, and be happy! You smile! Well, I’ll bet you (our colonel was addicted to the turf) ten to two that *you* have not spent so happy a time for months.” This was readily assented to, for it was a fact.

“Well, what need you care? The what did you say?” and the colonel turned sharply round, and stared into his friend’s countenance in a kind of paroxysm of astonishment “the what?” he reiterated,—“the disgrace of the thing! Indeed! Pray to whom does this disgrace, as you are pleased to term it, belong? Not to yourself, certainly, for you could not avoid it—the sequence then is, that the disgrace, which you so much dread, must of necessity belong to those who caused you to be brought here.—Disgrace, forsooth! ‘By the law,’ you say—Well yes, by the law, of course; but cruelly and mischievously is that law perverted when entrusted to the administration of a pettifogging attorney. And you say your creditors would never have driven you to this extremity if not urged by a set of scoundrels sanctioned by that law? You are *confident* they would not. In that case, all that I can say is, that the creditors, individually and collectively, are a cowardly set of miserable paltrons, to be influenced by the interested advice of *any* attorney. Presently I will give you an instance of the weakness and stupidity of creditors. Perhaps you have never calculated the odds in favour of an attorney getting his pound of flesh? No, you have not; well then, when you have done so, you will not marvel at the advice and assistance so obsequiously proffered. It is quite clear to me, that *you* pay no more costs *now*, whatever you might have intended to do. Very well; the attorney falls back upon his respectable client, and demands from him the reward for having been the ruin of an honest man; aye, and what is more, has the power to enforce such payment by the same process of law which brought you here; and your creditor may be himself incarcerated for

those very costs, and become one of your chums!"

"Why, sir, a particular friend of mine, an officer in one of Her Majesty's Hussar regiments, was foolishly induced to sue a brother officer, a mere youth, for a debt: he had neither friends nor money—was arrested, sent to prison, superseded, and lost! Subsequently he was driven to desperation, and committed an act for which he was sentenced to penal servitude for four years! Of course the attorney received no costs from *him*. Mark the sequel: the officer who had been weak enough to be beguiled into this wicked act, was ultimately sued for the costs by the same attorney—carried off to prison, lost *his* commission, and became a confirmed lunatic! and the attorney "went on his way rejoicing."

"Now, to what cause shall we attribute the ruin of those two promising officers? To the powers of the law—the weakness of human nature—or the craving of the attorney after the 'flesh-pots?'"

This rhapsody was interrupted by a gentlemanly young fellow, who exclaimed: "Why, Colonel, you are getting sentimental and didactic!"

"By Jove! so I am, Ben," returned the colonel, and the conversation took a different turn, and, we are sorry to say, not for the better. After a short space of time the colonel turned again to Moss, and said: "To-morrow we shall be drafted into the wards down stairs. Look through the window into that large paved yard, and see the throng therein assembled. You seem astonished at the mirth and happiness therein depicted! Do you see any melancholy faces and desponding individuals? Any one you could fancy—only fancy—unhappy? Yes, you do see two or three; well, then, be assured those individuals are the exception, and not the rule. But, I say, excuse my freedom; how are *they* provided for outside? I mean, the wife and olive branches; are they all right?"

"Thank Heaven! yes," replied Moss, fervently. "I have found

one creditor who would *not* be persuaded into this cruel act, and he has kindly stepped forward in our hour of trial."

A tear of grateful emotion bedewed the manly cheek of the recipient of this heavenly act. As if by magic, every listening ear was silent with admiration; but one, more demonstrative and buoyant than the others, relieved his pent-up feelings by vociferating, "By Jove, that man is a trump, and no mistake! Three cheers for human nature after all; for we have found one man out of the hundred we have been hunting for! Come, now, Moss, it is but right and proper we should know the name of this Good Samaritan; tell us where he is to be found; and, by all that's good and gracious, I will visit and thank him in the name of mankind in general, and the Knights of the White Cross in particular."

Mr. Moss was prohibited from divulging the name, but he had no objection to say this gentleman was a — tailor.

"A tailor!" was echoed through the room, and astonishment was depicted on every countenance.

"Then, by Jove!" exclaimed Colonel Desperate, "I vote that every knight here shall pay *his* tailor, for this redemption of this class!"

And we were informed that this resolution was punctually carried out by every individual then present.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Colonel Desperate: "cheer up, Moss! the home is all right; the wife and children cared for; throw melancholy, like physic, to the dogs, and be happy!"

Good humour, like everything else that is really good, seems to infatuate the senses; every one joins in the happy influence thus engendered, and freely participates in the enjoyment of the time. And so passes the first and second day.

In the baronial hall of the knights there are wholesome and judicial observances enforced, and it is astonishing how quickly people

fall into, and conform to, habits kindly but firmly administered. This regularity has immense moral influence in many points of view. The hypochondriac recovers his senses; the drunkard is debarred from his frightful habits, not suddenly, but by degrees, and the man who presented the fearful effects of *delirium tremens* has gone forth with resuscitated nerves and wholesome feeling.

The time has now arrived for the inmates of Mr. Glass's room to be drafted into the wards below; those who can keep themselves into one ward, and those who cannot, or will not, keep themselves are located on the county side, where they are provided for by the abundant rations allowed by the Corporation of London for the sustenance of "poor debtors." And here it would be pertinent to inquire upon what grounds of equity the citizens of London and the several counties in England, should be called upon to maintain the victim of any creditor's caprices, or revengeful feeling. Surely if, by *one* individual we are deprived of the means to support our families, *that* individual should be called upon for the costs thus incurred; for there can be neither justice nor equity in the case, if we, wholly innocent of any harshness or vindictiveness, must pay our quota towards supporting the claim of any such creditor. There is, or was, very recently, a law compelling a creditor to allow his debtor a small weekly stipend for his support; and we can see no great reason why it should not be so now. And we have to observe that if this equitable arrangement were enforced, it would tend greatly to put an end to imprisonment-for-debt.

It is breakfast time when the new arrivals are introduced to the wards below, where about fifty individuals, of all grades of society, seemed to enjoy the inviting repast spread for their delectation. The table-cloths were white and clean, a comfort to begin with; on the tables were spread loaves of excellent bread, beautifully sweet butter,

rolls, eggs, toasted bacon, tea and coffee, and cold meat, which vanished speedily before the vigorous appetites, doing ample justice to the viands spread so temptingly before them.

The morning papers and popular publications were spread abroad in profusion, and their contents devoured with great gusto. Mirth and good humour prevailed, and all seemed to be happy, notwithstanding the approximation to high walls and iron-barred windows. At this time the post is brought in by one of the wardens who acts as postman, delivering to each individual the wished-for missive.

When the meal was finished the attendance at chapel was required. This attendance is never enforced; but to their credit be it said, many availed themselves of this privilege.

Now the business of the morning is begun by the introduction of the new-comers to the chairman of the ward; and if we follow that gentleman's (for he is a gentleman by Act of Parliament) lucid information, we shall arrive at the method and government, exclusively their own, by virtue of their franchise (although in durance).

The chairman, in one of the most placid and softest tones of voice, thus addressed this new addition to the flock over which he exercised paternal care:—

"Gentlemen, we are glad to see you, and hope that the domestic arrangements we have enacted for our mutual comfort will meet your cordial approval. We have nothing allowed us here but the bare walls, tables, and benches, and large and cheerful fires; people to clean and hearthstone our refectory daily; and we enjoy plenty of air and what exercise we please.

"Well, gents, the federal government consists of a chairman (myself), duly elected, with the *munificent* income of ten shillings per week; we have a day steward, who presides over the victualling department, and provides the following bill of fare:—breakfast (such as we have seen) at nine o'clock; luncheon at twelve o'clock (at which

time the beer from the outside is brought in, and each member is entitled to one quart daily, unless the doctor prohibits it), consisting of bread and cheese, or cold meat, or both if you wish; dinner at five o'clock, when all the prudent delicacies of the season are well cooked and tastefully laid out; and tea at seven o'clock. Now, for all this substantial fare you are only called upon to pay two shillings and sevenpence per diem; a sum by no means extravagant, which I think you will admit, after having partaken of the viands."

"We have also a day warder, who attends to the culinary utensils, cleans our knives and forks and assists the steward, and waits at table, for which he receives eight shillings per week. The bed warden sees to the comfort of your beds, cleans your boots, provides hot water for your toilet, and assists by waiting at table, for which he receives seven shillings per week. All the etceteras, such as cups and saucers, plates, jugs, knives, forks, mustard, salt and pepper, are all provided out of our exchequer, which nearly at all times has a surplus in hand; in order to do which we call upon every member for three shillings and sixpence upon entrance, and one shilling per week afterwards; the first item of which I shall now call upon you for." This contribution duly paid, the chairman continues:—"Every Monday our accounts are audited, our old newspapers sold to the highest bidder, and the balance in my hands declared. On Wednesday evenings we have recitations and debates; and on Saturdays a vocal concert, instruments being prohibited. And lastly, as our good clergyman observes, we hope to convince you that this Knightly Hall is not *quite so bad* as might be expected; that you are free from the incessant demands of attorneys, (a loud laugh here broke in, the speaker being one of those legal pests), and that many happy hours are here passed. I shall conclude by informing you that there is no compulsion to join in these arrange-

ments. "If you think proper to board yourself, you are at liberty to do so, and all the other comforts I have alluded to are free to your use. So, you see, we are a self-governing body, and never interfered with by the powers that be. And now, gentlemen, I shall wish you good-morning, as I am engaged in a match of base ball." And so he departed.

No gambling is allowed, and cards are strictly forbidden, but they are surreptitiously obtained, and meet, we are sorry to say, with great encouragement. Chess, draughts, backgammon, and dominoes, are in great requisition.

For the refractory there is a strong room, a prison within a prison; but such are the comforts and regulations that it is an almost unnecessary appendage.

To the present governor (not a military hero), Mr. Constable, we must give every due meed of praise; he is not only well-qualified by experience, but by that gentle, kind consideration, commanding and receiving the unqualified respect of all those placed in his keeping.

Such, then, is the residence to which people are conveyed through the caprice of ill-conditioned creditors egged on by the greedy craving of a needy and rapacious attorney.

Our colonel had been a *visitor* on a former occasion, and as such was well-qualified to describe biographically, all the information likely to interest his new companion; and we are bound to give him credit for the graphic and ludicrous style in which he accomplished his task.

"Come, Moss," said Colonel Desperate, "just saunter with me into the yard, and view the sports." The request being complied with, the colonel called his attention to an undersized, dandified person, in a costly suit of well-made superfine broadcloth, unexceptionable trousers, patent leather boots, and a very glaring and unbecoming necktie. "You see that little coxcomb—him with the light moustache and languishing air? Well,

he is the *honourable*—mark you, the *honourable*!—Mr. —, who so lately figured in the Divorce Court, whether he was cited by his wife, for cruelty and incontinence. He is here for the costs of that suit. You may be sure the charges were true, in which you will be confirmed if you can listen to his disgusting, drawling ribaldry. How could *any* woman expect to be happy with such an empty-pated, insufferable ass? See, how he apes the aristocratic! Hear how he boasts of his ‘gentle blood!’ Observe with what condescending patronage he deigns to honour those who play the toady to his absurd pretensions! Whew! he is only a little contemptible puppy!

“Turn to the left, and observe that tall, gentlemanly man, rapidly pacing the pavement; he is a real baronet, of very ancient lineage, and is brought from the Divorce Court at the suit of *his* wife; and it must be confessed that the details elicited *and proved* at the trial were of the most damning character, culminating in disgusting disclosures and practices, on his part, not fit to be repeated. I don’t think *he* is very happy, for his company, though a don, is studiously avoided; he may be tolerated, but can never hold up his head again in anything like decent society; but as equality is the order of the day here, we must submit to circumstances.

“That wiry old-young dandy fellow, with the striped shirt and knowing wide-awake hat, without either vest, neckerchief, or braces, is the brother of one of our most talkative, but senseless legislative wiseacres, upon whom fortune smiled in the shape of a dowdy dowager of a wife, with a long purse and a change-of-name. Listen how our friend drones out his words through his nose—mere affectation! He has been all over the world, but being of a restless, improvident disposition, would never settle to anything. At the diggings he was unsuccessful—worked upon the roads at stone-breaking—became a butcher’s man—in fact, such were his necessities, that

he was glad to turn his hand to anything. By some unexplained means he obtained a passage home, and is now waiting a government appointment, “through the interest, you know, of my brother, the honourable member for——.” Now he is mighty particular in his attire, and will never put on his boots if not cleaned upon the trees, of which he has two pairs (like another senseless ape who figured in the lunacy court).

“Cast your eyes upon that slovenly little blackguard in the red flannel shirt; he, too, boasts of his alliance! “My uncle, sir, was high sheriff of the county of——, and only think of that d——d stogy old brute suffering *me*, his only nephew, to be brought to such a d——d hole as this! Why, sir, I held a high and influential berth in Somerset House, and through a little youthful indiscretion, and being rather a fast coach, was obliged to resign (?). Mine is a d——d hard case, sir, so help me——.” Now it so happened that the youthful indiscretion so delicately hinted at was a bungling attempt at forgery to a large amount, the criminal part of which was bought off by the sacrifice of all his poor father’s worldly wealth! You hear he cannot open his mouth without a fearful oath, or some unmeaning expression. I am certain that some day he will be found in a stronger place of confinement than this, and much less respectable; and—serve him right.

“Our smooth-spoken chairman is not the innocent individual you might take him for. He is a country attorney, and having overstepped professional boundary, appropriated a considerable sum, belonging to an orphan girl, to his own use, whom he has left completely destitute, and dependent upon the world. He has been here for several months, and is likely to remain. His plausibility has *elevated* him to his present high position. Does anyone want a *leetle* advice upon a case of doubtful honesty, this very man, the type of his class, will not hesitate to lend his professional assistance.”

“You must not accuse me,” continued the colonel, “of a malicious

spirit in describing these individuals; my only object, however, is to represent to your mind this phase of human nature and human frailty, that you, by contrast, may reconcile the misfortune of your being here to circumstances, and not to your deserts.

"Well, you now know the antecedents of some of your associates. The others will be explained by-and-bye; some you will find *not* the scum of society; perhaps it has never been your lot in life to pass your time in the society of two live baronets and several honourables, one colonel, and a whole host of *captains*, self-promoted from the ranks? You have not been so placed, you say; well, then, this is one of the rounds of the ladder, albeit the bottom one of your elevation, and as such you must regard it. By-the-bye, I have forgotten one of our celebrities, a real prince in the flesh! You smile at the idea, (thinking, perhaps, how funny it would be if our Prince of Wales were in the like predicament); so do I, but we cannot denounce this assumption, for we have no proof. In my own opinion, coupled with his snobbish appearance and manners, I should write him down the veriest impostor in creation. The outside world were of a different opinion, from the fact of his having bought pictures to the amount of £6,000, for which sum he is detained here. His apparent plausibility would never have beguiled *me*. You must not think him an infant in the affairs of the world, for those very pictures were transmuted into the circulating medium within twenty-four hours of their delivery! Quick work, was it not?

"But, hark! it is twelve o'clock. Observe the two baronets, the prince, the honourable, and the colonel, hurrying off with their common yellow jugs, to fetch their allowance of beer! See, how jauntily they have fallen into the habit of waiting upon themselves—there appears no humiliation, not the least degradation, in providing for the necessities of life, which will show you that the calls of na-

ture ignore the dictates of mere conventionalism.

"You wonder where the money comes from to support these men! Pray do not make that observation aloud; that can be no business of ours, and would, if heard, engender an ill-feeling, were you to attempt an elucidation of the ways and means. Suffice it to know that funds are ample, and sufficiently supplied by some one (perhaps by the pawn-brokers of Redcross Street, two maiden ladies, a curious investment for females, is it not?); perhaps by the goods of confiding creditors! You are sorry to hear that, are you? Well, keep that sorrow to yourself, my friend, and don't assume a morality, for *here* that never pays.

"Inside or outside a prison, people must live; and, by hook or by crook, they do so. Money is everything everywhere. Would it surprise you to hear that our steward, who has been here for twelve months, has not only supported his family, but is the happy possessor of one hundred and eight pounds in hard cash, all from his catering for the gallant Knights of the White Cross? In fact, that conceited little elf who assists him, and who has his hair dressed every day by the prison barber, has also a long stocking, and his only fear is that he may be turned out by the new Act.

"You want to know who that short fat man is, he with the grizzled curly hair, always singing snatches of popular songs. Why, sir, he is a barrister learned in the law; and having conveyed something, which did not belong to him, into his own pocket, is doing penance for his delinquency.

"That smooth-faced fellow, talking to him, is a clergyman—none of your self-styled reverends, but a regularly ordained brother of the Church of England as by law established, and, if all be true, he ought to be—using the phraseology of our virgin Queen—"unfrocked." You may be sure he is here for a good round sum. He appears to be the husband of more wives than one. Upon one occasion the two ladies

met in the visiting-room, but our priest was not disconcerted by any means : he accounted to *the* wife for the presence of the other by saying she had called for spiritual consolation under a calamity from which she was suffering! The wife did not seem to believe this, but looked knives, pitchforks, and daggers at the intruder upon her rights, and walked off without deigning a remark. So Mrs. D. *secundus*, as he remarked, was left in undisputed possession of the worthy gentleman's regards. Plausibly and smoothly as he walks and talks, he is one of the most artful cards you ever met with. He has practised duplicity so long and so successfully, that he expresses great indignation at this stop to his career. "Owe no man anything" is held to mean the reverse of this maxim—at least by some of the clergy, for that sporting looking man is also a clergyman, one of a

noble house, and consequently of gentle blood, who, poor mortal, found it impossible to live on £3,000 a-year! His unbounded extravagance, his utter want of the commonest principles of honesty, his debaucheries, crimes, and wickedness, would warrant his detention in another place.

"That dapper little fellow, just four feet high (who annoys every one by his continual whistle, which, no doubt, is for want of thought), with grey hair, whiskers, and moustache, is a commander in the navy. 'Yes, sir,' he will tell you, 'I have been in many desperate engagement, hair-breadth escapes, but had the good fortune to be wounded only *six times*!' Some impertinent wag on hearing this, gave an enormously prolonged whistle, which greatly irritated this pompous little fellow, who swore vengeance against the offender."

(*To be continued.*)

SPARKLING WATERS.

YEARS, long years ago, a party of young people were sitting round a blazing fire in the cheerful kitchen of a German farmhouse. "Tell us a story," said the children, with one accord; and from the chimney-corner issued a somewhat cracked voice, and the Frau began: "A little streamlet came dashing down the side of the mountain, sparkling and rippling over the pieces of rock in its deep bed, till it sang itself to sleep in the dark pool in the valley. It was a merry little brook, and the trees and flowers loved it, for they saw themselves reflected so brightly in its clear bosom; and, as we all know, flowers and trees have a certain amount of vanity. It was a clear, frosty night, and the moon's sweet face shone on the water; and the stream danced on more cheerily than ever, for it thought the beautiful luminary a sort of guardian and protectress; and so it sang and sparkled ever onward. But the tall firs only sighed, and the aspen

shivered incessantly. One large, wide-spreading oak was muttering to himself, in a very discontented manner: 'How cold it is up here!' he said; 'the side of the mountain is so exposed; how much happier I should be were my home in those warm climes, of which the swallows chattered so incessantly in the summer; or even in the valley beneath!'

"Then the brook sang, oh! so sweetly, 'Be happy! be content!' but the oak would not heed the loving voice of his little counsellor, and presently went to sleep in a miserable state of mind.

"The sun rose unusually bright the next morning, and the stream, which, in the moonlight, shone like a liquid diamond, now had the appearance of molten gold. The sunbeams lifted up the dark wood, and chased each other into its deepest recesses. The daylight revealed an object which, standing in the shadow, was not visible the night before—a little, lonely peasant's

cottage. It was nowise different from the cottages now-a-days, except, perhaps, that it had a more than average appearance of comfort and well-being. Presently the door opened, and a young girl stepped out, and came towards the spring. She was plainly—almost coarsely—dressed; but as she advanced, it became clear that she possessed beauty of no common kind; at least *one* person who beheld her at that moment thought so. She was a fresh, fair girl, with deep blue eyes, and masses of golden hair gathered up in neat braids on her small head; and there was a more intellectual expression about the mouth and eyes than is usually witnessed in persons of the class to which she belonged. When she reached the spring, she bent down to fill her pitcher, and thus occupied, did not hear footsteps behind her. Suddenly she started up with a joyful cry, as some one (perhaps the person before alluded to) touched her arm. ‘Wilhelm!’ she said. ‘Elise, my own Elise!’ Then the two sat down on the grass, and talked lovingly and gently; and presently returned together to the cottage.

“This meeting by the spring continued morning after morning, all through the bright summer; and when the sere autumn leaves fell one by one to the ground, and the wind was chill, then Wilhelm sat with Elise and her mother in the cottage, and sometimes went out in search of game, and in these expeditions he was always accompanied by Theodor, Elise’s young brother. The nights were chilly now, and the cold north wind whistled mournfully through the naked branches of the trees on the hill-side, and the discontented oak-tree murmured more and more, spite of the sweet admonitions of the brook. One night, when no sound was heard save the rustle of the falling leaves, and the howl of the wolves in the far-off forest, a light appeared in one of the windows of the cottage, which burned there steadily until morning, and

anyone looking into that chamber would have seen a fair girl tossing restlessly to and fro on her sick pillow, and an anxious mother watching, oh! so tenderly. And night after night this light burned brightly, and no Elise came to the spring for water; but her mother came daily, and as she bent over, a bitter rebellious tear would fall and mingle with the sparkling waters of the stream. And Wilhelm, poor Wilhelm, came daily to hear of, if he could not see, [his Elise. But love and tenderness could not restore her, and daily she faded away. Every night the pale lamp shone in what was so soon to be the chamber of death.

“One night there was no light in the window. The air was filled with a rushing as of angels’ wings. The streamlet looked up, but nothing was visible save the ‘cloudless blue sky,’ and the sweet moon shining over all.

“When the dreary winter was ended, and the spring-tide came once more in its beauty, it brought no joy to Wilhelm’s heart, and soon death came to him too, and laid his icy fingers on him, and cruelly bade him sleep; and they laid him by his Elise. Thus death, who had severed these loving ones, united them again, and the lowly flowers grew sweetly over their last resting-places; and even now the peasants point to these graves, and with tears rehearse the tale.”

“Did you know Elise?” said the children.

“I was her mother,” replied the Frau; “and Theodor, her young brother, was your father. May his soul rest in peace!”

“Is that all, grandmother?”

The Frau’s head had fallen on her breast, and she made no answer. The children rushed to her.

“Grandmother! speak to us!” exclaimed Bertha, the eldest, but no voice was heard. The weary spirit had fled to that bournewhence no traveller returns, to be reunited to her beloved Elise, Wilhelm, and Theodor.

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Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet Work, and they have just erected large Workshops on the premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the premises.

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